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The Outlook

A·Family·Paper

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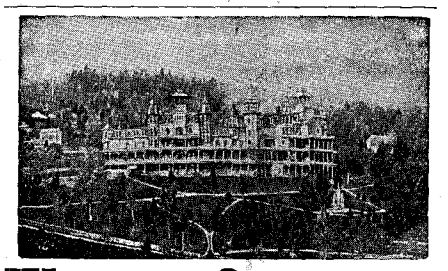

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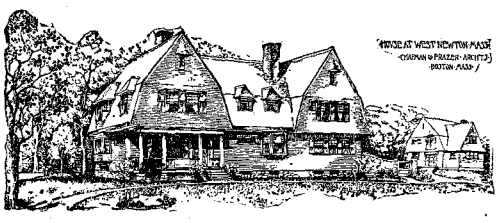

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The Outlook

A·Family·Paper

Volume 54 Saturday, 3 October, 1896 Number 14

THE most widely discussed event of the week in connection with the situation of Turkey has not been the consultation of the Marquis of Salisbury with the Czar at Balmoral, but the speech of Mr. Gladstone at a great meeting held in Liverpool on Thursday of last week. The speech was notable for its moderation of tone, for its freedom from any criticism of the present Government, and for the apparently futile suggestion with which it closed. Mr. Gladstone called attention to the fact that in 1876, when frightful massacres were going on, the Turkish Government coolly denied that any blood had been shed, in spite of the most extensive and incontrovertible testimony. For months past Turkey has been making the same denials, and will continue to make them so long as the Great Powers permit. Those Powers, Mr. Gladstone said, have signally failed to make the Sultan fulfill his treaty obligations. The instances in which England had acted outside a concert of the European Powers were also enumerated. In the cases of Greece and Bulgaria from fifteen to twenty millions of subjects were freed from the dominion of Turkey without the aid of concerted European action. In closing Mr. Gladstone proposed that, as a first step, the English Minister should be recalled from Constantinople, and the Turkish Minister sent home from London. This suggestion has not met with favor, for the reason that what the Sultan wants above all things is to be relieved from the espionage of Europe. Nothing would please him better than to have all the Ambassadors withdraw, provided he could still rely upon those jealousies between the Great Powers which have so long kept him upon his throne, and the throne in its place. Meantime English feeling on the subject grows steadily more intense, and there appears to be a very general chafing at the humiliating position in which the country finds itself. It is unsafe to trust any of the reports which come by the cable from day to day, and constantly contradict each other. It is declared on one day that Lord Salisbury has determined either to depose the Sultan or to carry on the Government of Turkey through a Council of Ambassadors, and it is declared on the next day that he has decided with cynical indifference that nothing can be done. The Czar is hunting in Scotland in very bad weather, and is not likely to change his attitude toward the Sultan merely because his wife's grandmother is anxious to bring about that result.

❀

On Wednesday of last week Queen Victoria's reign became longer than that of any British sovereign. Only three previous reigns have reached a half-century in length —Henry III. reigned a little over fifty-six years; Edward III., fifty years; George III. (including the Regency), fifty-nine years two months and twenty days. On June 20 next Queen Victoria will have reigned sixty years, and at her request no public celebration in honor of the length of her reign will take place until that date. The present occasion, however, has naturally called forth many surveys of the achievements of Great Britain under its present sovereign, and many tributes of respect and affection toward the Queen herself. Since Victoria ascended the throne the British rule has been widely extended in India, Africa, and Australia; commerce has grown amazingly; science has made notable strides forward; education has been made general; religious toleration has advanced; political and municipal reforms have been extraordinary; the franchise has been vastly enlarged; railway and steamship lines have grown from small beginnings to enormous importance; the telegraph and telephone have sprung into existence. In all that pertains to the comfort and safety and possibilities of the common people the growth has been vastly in excess of any previous half-century. The Queen's own share in the progress of her people has been one of influence rather than power. That influence is often underestimated, but it has been none the less potent because Victoria has always recognized the limitations of an English monarch's constitutional functions and has never attempted to interfere with the functions of Parliament and Ministers. It is recalled, however, that more than once she has used her great personal influence to aid a clearly needed reform or to prevent unwise action. Thus, it is believed that her urgence alone prevented Lord John Russell from recognizing the Southern Confederacy. Her close family relations with the royal families of Europe constantly aid in preserving peace and harmony. Even at this minute it is believed that she is seeking to interest her granddaughter, the Czarina, in the oppression of the Armenians and to promote a satisfactory agreement among the Powers whereby the Sultan may be restrained. To say that Victoria's reign has been a benignant one and that she possesses the affections of her whole people is but to state a universally accepted fact.

❀

The present visit of the Czar of Russia to Scotland has forced upon the people of Great Britain an instructive contrast between monarchy in Russia and England. As the "Spectator" says, "The spectacle of an armored train traversing pacific and highly civilized Scotland, through deserted and guarded stations, over viaducts and bridges policed as if they were jewelers' windows, is a strange and unpleasant one to people whose princes come and go in hansom cabs, but it is the logical outcome of a system of which Nicholas is the victim, not the author." Every foot of every road traversed by the Czar has been guarded by Russian and English detectives and police. The visit is of a family kind rather than a state ceremonial or a political council. The Czar's coming visit to Paris will be of a semi-public character, and the splendor of ceremonial and pageantry will be as impressive as possible to emphasize in the eyes of Europe the alliance between France and Russia.

❀

The Egyptian and British troops are now firmly established in Dongola. The report mentioned in our last issue

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that the place had been occupied turned out to be premature by a day or two. A British gunboat had reached the place in the absence of the forces of the Dervishes, but had quickly returned to join the main British force. On Wednesday, however, General Kitchener advanced with his entire army to Dongola and captured it, meeting very little resistance. The Dervishes' forces had already been badly broken, and they were soon scattered. Their chief commander, Wad Bishara, escaped, and is supposed to be rallying his followers so far as possible. The next immediate step of the British forces will be to reconstruct and fortify Dongola, and establish a general military post and depots connecting it with Wadihalfa. When this work is complete, and the light railroad which is rapidly being laid as the troops advance is pushed forward toward Dongola, there can be little doubt that another forward movement will take place, this time toward Berber, and ultimately the center of the Soudan will be reached at Khartoum, or, strictly speaking, at Omdurman, the city rudely built by the Khalifa close to the ruins of Khartoum. Khartoum itself was almost entirely destroyed by the fanatics under the Mahdi immediately after the death of Gordon. So far the Egyptian expedition has met with little serious resistance, and the reconquering of the Soudan may be accepted as an almost assured fact.

❀

The resignation of the Marquis Ito, the Japanese Prime Minister, appears to have excited no great perturbation, and yet it is probably a very important event in the current history of Japan; for Count Ito and Field-Marshal Yamagata are the two leaders of the contemporary movement in Japan—the two men who above all others have done most to bring it into line with modern life and to establish its power not only on a military but on a civil basis. The late Prime Minister is the representative of that progressive policy which has thrown Japan wide open to foreign intercourse and foreign influence; one of the few Asiatics of the day who has been able to look at the West with clear eyes and to put aside those limitations of education and intelligence which disqualify so many Orientals of ability for anything approaching a clear idea of the significance of Western civilization. A man of great ability, notable energy and courage, which has been tested by the most persistent and dangerous opposition, it followed as a matter of course that every step taken by Count Ito antagonized a powerful group of his own countrymen, and, as was long ago anticipated by intelligent observers, a reactionary party bitterly opposed to the modern movement in Japan has been growing, not so much in popular strength as in force of organization and intensity of feeling, during the past few years. Count Ito has not hesitated to join issues with this reactionary group. Before the war with China every endeavor was made to drive him from office, but during the war his critics and enemies were silenced by the necessities of the situation. No modern statesman has had a more decisive and immediate vindication of a radical course than Ito had in the course of that war; the overwhelming success of Japan by land and sea was rendered possible by the work which he had very largely done in previous years. But no sooner was the war over than the diplomatic struggle with Russia began, and Count Ito's enemies fastened upon the necessary diplomatic compromises and ignored the victory, which compelled a reorganization of the East from the European standpoint. In the face of this intense and unscrupulous opposition Ito held his position, and has been able to command a sufficient majority in the Legislature to carry on his Government. It looks now as if he had become tired of the struggle and had given way to his enemies simply because he was weary of contesting the ground inch by inch with them. If his retirement marks a change of the foreign policy of Japan, it may prove a great disaster to that energetic Empire.

❀

Confusion still reigns supreme in the Democratic situation in this State, although there are indications that something like a definite marking of lines of demarcation is at hand. The regular Democratic Convention, which met at Buffalo, was conspicuous by reason of the absence of almost all the old leaders of the New York Democracy, and by reason of the presence and prominence of the Tammany Hall delegation. That Convention, with curious futility, indorsed the Chicago platform and nominated Mr. John Boyd Thacher for Governor, Mr. Thacher being well known to be strongly opposed to the free-coinage movement. No sooner was this absurd action taken than Tammany Hall began to demand the withdrawal of Mr. Thacher's candidacy. Mr. Thacher, however, declined to talk on the situation until the end of last week, when he announced his declination of the nomination. His place on the Democratic State ticket has been filled by the State Committee, which has appointed Judge W. T. Porter as candidate for Governor, and Mr. F. C. Schraub as candidate for Lieutenant-Governor. Senator Hill's position remains an unsolved enigma. His whole political fortune rests upon party regularity; he has for years held party allegiance to be the cardinal doctrine of his political creed. But both before and at the Chicago Convention he took strong ground against free coinage; he is now placed in the dilemma of either taking an inconsistent position and sacrificing what most people suppose to be his principles, or else becoming a bolter, which in his case is to commit political hari-kiri. The situation is a very interesting and entertaining one, and Mr. Hill's solution of the apparently insoluble problem will be awaited with interest—an interest, however, which will be psychological rather than political, for his action at this late date is not likely to carry any great weight. Meanwhile, that influential section of the Democratic party which is opposed to the Chicago platform held a Convention in Brooklyn last week, and nominated Daniel G. Griffin, of Watertown, for Governor; Frederick W. Hinrichs, of Brooklyn, for Lieutenant-Governor, and Spencer Clinton, of Buffalo, for Judge of the Court of Appeals—all men of high standing and of unblemished reputation.

❀

The Massachusetts Democratic Convention was a most remarkable affair. The State Committee, it will be remembered, was favorable to gold. So, too, was the regular Democratic organization in the city of Boston. The latter, however, was willing to indorse the Chicago nominees and platform in order to retain the management of the Boston Democratic vote. Ex-Congressman George Fred Williams, who led the fight for silver and a radical anti-monopoly programme, declared war several weeks ago against all the anti-silver members of the State Committee and the Boston machine, taking the position that they must be removed entirely from the direction of the present campaign. Outside of Boston the primaries went overwhelmingly in his favor; and in Boston the Bryan-Sewall-Williams clubs polled a strong vote in opposition to the regular organization. For some reason, however, Mr. Williams feared that the State Committee and the Boston "regulars" would control the State Convention. At the mass-meeting for Mr. Bryan, held at Music Hall on Friday evening, Mr. Williams announced that the State Committee had rejected his proposition that all delegates should be admitted into the Convention on the presentation of their credentials.

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The Committee, he said, insisted that no delegate should be admitted except by ticket, and refused to begin issuing tickets until one hour before the Convention was to be held. Mr. Williams asked the delegates present to remain in the hall at the close of the mass-meeting, either to prepare an appeal to the courts, or else to remain in the hall until the Convention was called to order at eleven o'clock the next morning. The delegates decided to hold the hall. Their leaders counseled them not to resist an effort of the police to eject them, but declared that the police could not legally dispossess them without an order from the court except on twenty-four hours' notice. The agent of the building concluded that he could not eject the delegates, and they remained all night. Meanwhile the State Committee held prolonged sessions, and sent out the statement that they had no plan for capturing the Convention, and were ready to begin issuing tickets several hours earlier than Mr. Williams had stated. Mr. Williams's delegates, however, refused to yield possession of the hall, the manager of the building refused to admit other delegates in sympathy with them without an order from the State Committee, and the State Committee refused to issue such an order or in any way to recognize the Music Hall Convention. The result was that three Conventions were held: one of Mr. Williams's supporters within Music Hall; one of Mr. Williams's supporters outside the hall; and one of the supporters of the State Committee and the Boston "machine" in Faneuil Hall. All three Conventions voted to indorse the Chicago ticket and platform, and to nominate Mr. Williams for Governor. On the ratification of the Chicago platform by the Faneuil Hall Convention the anti-silver members of the State Committee presented their resignation, and an anti-silver ticket was nominated that day. Mr. Williams in accepting his nomination repudiated the Faneuil Hall Convention altogether. He seems determined that the old management shall in no way be recognized.

❀

Secretary Carlisle, in a letter from Bar Harbor, Me., to James P. Held, of Louisville, Ky., declares that the Treasury Department is authorized to redeem silver dollars in gold whenever it is satisfied that such redemption is necessary to keep silver dollars at par with gold dollars. Up to the present time, he admits, the silver dollars issued under the Bland-Allison Act of 1878 have been redeemed exclusively in silver, and have remained at par with gold because they possessed the same legal-tender qualities as the gold dollars, and were so limited in amount as not to drive all gold out of use. But, he says, the Sherman Act of 1890 and the act of 1893 repealing the Sherman Act declare it to be the policy of the United States to keep its silver and gold at par with each other, and the Secretary of the Treasury may therefore, at his discretion, redeem in gold the currency issued prior to 1890 redeemable in "silver," as well as that issued subsequently redeemable in "coin," and he declares that it will be his duty to do so whenever it is necessary to keep silver certificates at par with gold. This declaration of Secretary Carlisle is at variance with the statement made in the circular of information issued by the Treasury Department under his direction to the effect that "gold coins and standard silver dollars, being standard coins of the United States, are not redeemable;" but it is the logical supplement of his attitude in redeeming in gold the Sherman Act notes issued for the purchase of silver. Under this policy all United States money is redeemable in gold if the holders prefer gold. Even if all the greenbacks were retired and all the Sherman Act notes were retired, the maintenance of a gold reserve would still be necessary if the Secretary of the Treasury feared that gold might go to a premium. Our gold reserve of one hundred millions, originally established for the possible redemption of the $350,000,000 of greenbacks, and afterwards used for the redemption of the $150,000,000 of notes issued under the Sherman Act, is now declared applicable to the redemption of the $400,000,000 of silver issued under the Bland-Allison Act. In short, all the silver stored up in the Treasury is declared to be worthless for purposes of redemption; and our silver money is declared to be merely costly notes promising to pay gold if gold is preferred. Mr. Carlisle appears to us to have made a characteristically impolitic pledge. If Mr. Bryan should be elected, Mr. Carlisle might expect a run on the Treasury for the payment in gold of all the silver as well as all the coin notes in gold, and this would bankrupt the Treasury. No wise banker would commit his resources beforehand to such a hazard. "It is time enough to cross a bridge when you come to it."

❀

The dispatches from Germany state that no surprise was occasioned there by the publication of Prince Bismarck's letter to Governor Culberson, of Texas, stating his views upon bimetallism and the effect upon Europe of independent action by the United States. As the genuineness of the letter seems to be assured, its entire text should be read. It runs as follows:

Friedrichsruhe, August 24, 1896.

Honored Sir:

Your esteemed favor of July 1 has been duly received. I have always had a predilection for bimetallism, but I would not, while in office, claim my views of the matter to be infallibly true when advanced against the views of experts. I hold to this very hour that it would be advisable to bring about between the nations chiefly engaged in the world's commerce a mutual agreement in favor of the establishment of bimetallism.

Considered from a commercial and industrial standpoint, the United States are freer by far in their movements than any nation of Europe, and hence if the people of the United States should find it compatible with their interests to take independent action in the direction of bimetallism, I cannot but believe that such action would exert a most salutary influence upon the consummation of international agreement, and the coming into this league of European nations.

Assuring you of my highest respect, I remain, your most obedient servant, BISMARCK.

Too much has been deduced from this rather diplomatically worded letter. It by no means justifies the assertion that if Bismarck were in this country he would favor independent free coinage of silver at a ratio of 16 to 1, but it will have weight with the Germans against the permanent maintenance of gold monometallism. It is to be recalled that Prince Bismarck is a country nobleman, and that the country noblemen in Europe have suffered as much from the great fall in land values as our own farmers. The ex-Chancellor seems simply to reflect the general sentiment among the agriculturists of Europe.

❀

State Excise Commissioner Lyman, of New York, has removed from his department the reproach of failing to enforce the Raines Law against the clubs. It will be recalled that just after the passage of the Raines Law a decision was obtained from the highest court in the State to the effect that social clubs conducting bars could not be taxed as liquor-dealers under the old law. This decision, as we noted at the time, had no logical bearing upon the Raines Law, for the wording of the former law was such as to preclude the taxation of clubs, while the Raines Law was just as obviously drafted so as to require their taxation. Indeed, one of the most effective arguments urged on behalf of the Raines Law was that it would put an end to the gross inequality of taxing the bars patronized by the poor but not those patronized by the rich. However, the

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decision of the Court of Appeals was used by those favoring the exemption of club bars as a decision in their favor under any and every law, and a further decision was obtained from a lower court at Rochester declaring that the old exemption continued under the new law. The State Excise Department for a time seemed to accept this absurd decision as final, and hundreds of social clubs began to be organized all over the State for the purpose of conducting bar-rooms without paying taxes. Commissioner Lyman last week declared that the provisions of the Raines Law against trafficking in liquors without a tax certificate would be enforced against clubs as well as against other offenders. The Rochester decision, he declares, was obtained by "certain members of a so-called social club acting in collusion with a county treasurer." "The case presented," he continues, "was conspicuous because of the non-presentation to the court of existing facts which are especially relevant to the question." "Such a case cannot be urged as a precedent." Not only does the Raines Law specifically prohibit any individual or association from selling liquor in quantities "less than five gallons" without a certificate, but, as Mr. Lyman's secretary points out, it specifically exempts associations which traffic in liquor "solely with the members thereof" from the prohibition of sales within two hundred feet of a church or school. Mr. Henry Clews and other prominent club men have denounced Commissioner Lyman's decision as "outrageous," but believers in the enforcement of law without discrimination will heartily applaud the Commissioner's attitude.

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The startling announcement was made just after the opening of the New York public schools that thirty thousand children were debarred school privileges for lack of room. Before the close of the week the total number was reduced. It was found that in some sections of the city the seating capacity of the schools outnumbered the applicants for admission; that there were schools in which children were crowded out of the primary department but which had vacant seats in the upper grades. Superintendent Jasper does not believe that an adjustment can be made that will utilize this space for the younger children, because of the arrangement of the grades; he believes the children of one department must be on one floor. The attempt will be made, after plans have been formed, to transfer the children in the overcrowded schools to those nearest their homes where there are vacancies. The almost fatal suggestion is made of abrogating the law which limits the number of pupils to each teacher at sixty. Every one knows how difficult it would be to make the legal adjustment in the future. Several of the school buildings were not ready for occupancy. The contractors could not continue the work on the buildings because the city failed to meet its payments for work done. The completion of fifteen new school buildings, which will be ready, according to the Board of Education, for occupancy in the fall of 1898, will accommodate 32,000 children. If it were not for its serious results, the present condition of educational affairs in their relation to truants would be amusing. The State has a compulsory school law which is being enforced, it is supposed, but New York City has no school or place of detention for incorrigible truants. The outrageous suggestion was made of sending these truants to the Juvenile Asylum. Fortunately, the indignation aroused by this suggestion, and the action of the City Club and Good Government E, reached Albany, and resulted in the Board of Education receiving notice that Superintendent Skinner would withhold one-half of the State appropriation unless the city should establish a truant school. The Juvenile Asylum is a reformatory to which all Protestant children under fourteen are committed who are guilty of any crime short of murder. The hope of the children of school age in New York depends on the realization by the reputable citizen of the fact that thousands of children are on the streets receiving an education that will make them criminals and paupers, through the failure of the authorities to provide school privileges for them.

❀

The act passed by the last New York State Legislature, known as "an act to regulate the employment of women and children in mercantile establishments," went into effect September 1. The law is the culmination of a long, earnest fight begun by the Consumers' League of New York City. The abuses brought to light by the League and the Workingwomen's Society led to the appointment by the Legislature of the Reinhard Committee to investigate the condition of the women and children employed in New York City. The most difficult part of this Committee's work was the securing of evidence as to the actual condition of the women and children employed in the business establishments. Many of the merchants of New York bitterly opposed any attempt to regulate the conditions under which women and children are employed in mercantile establishments. The organizations interested kept up the agitation, and succeeded in bringing before the Senate Committee the original bill, which embodied their views of the principles that should govern the relations between employer and employed in all the stores in the State where four or more women or children are employed. After several meetings in Albany, where the friends and opponents of the bill were heard, radical changes were made. The most important was the placing of mercantile establishments under the control of the health boards instead of the factory inspection department. In its final form the bill was the bill of the Retail Dry-Goods Association. The Board of Apportionment of New York City made an appropriation to meet the expenses of the new work, and the necessary special inspectors were appointed; about half of the number are women. Children seeking employment in mercantile establishments must present certificates from the Health Board. These certificates are granted when the provisions of the law as to age, schooling, health, etc., are complied with. The inspectors can require further proof if they doubt the statements made to the Health Board to secure the certificate. The sanitary provisions of the law are excellent, and the inspectors will give special attention to securing the enforcement of this section. The Board has appointed two of the inspectors as experts on plumbing and the ventilation of basements. The friends of the bill are greatly encouraged, and believe that public sentiment is all that is necessary to compel obedience to the requirements of the new law in all the mercantile establishments in the State.

❀

The gift of over $2,000,000 by Mrs. Julia Bradley, of Peoria, Ill., as an endowment for a school to be built in that city, is one of those events in the spiritual history of the country which has inspiring significance. In the heat of the political campaign very little attention, relatively, will be paid to it, but the spirit which it reveals is of far greater importance in the history of the American people than the decision of political policies. Mrs. Bradley, who has lived, it is reported, the eighty years of her life in Peoria, has been planning for many years to build up a great school in that place, laying especial emphasis on manual training. The school is to be known as the Bradley Polytechnic Institute, and is to be affiliated with the

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University of Chicago, two of the seven trustees to be men connected with that institution, President Harper and Professor Small being the first trustees named on this condition. Instead of deferring the working out of her scheme until after her death, Mrs. Bradley proposes to put in the hands of trustees each year, as long as she lives, a large sum of money, and at her death to endow the institution with her whole estate, amounting to more than $2,000,000. Such an act as this dignifies the life of the country, and goes far to offset many of the discouraging features of American development. It shows, in the first place, the hold which the educational idea has upon the people of the country; and it shows, in the second place, the growth of the sense of stewardship in the use of money which is one of the significant features of the times. The fact that the new institution is to be affiliated with the University of Chicago reminds us that that institution, although only about six years in active operation, has already received gifts amounting to nearly $15,000,000. In comparison with such private generosity as this the royal gifts which have so often been the foundations of famous institutions abroad seem meager and parsimonious.

❀

The destruction by fire of the main building at Mount Holyoke is a calamity which will be felt not only by the institution which temporarily suffers from it, but by thousands of people in all parts of the country. The loss comes at the very moment when, by the enthusiastic effort of the alumnæ of the institution, the College is making rapid progress in many directions. It comes at a moment, therefore, when, in view of the new life which the institution has shown in so many ways, it can be, in spite of the depressed condition of the times, most heroically and patiently borne. A college which has been so identified with the moral life of the country, and which has trained so many women of force and character, ought not and will not be left to bear its misfortune alone.

❀

The Pension Report this year shows that the pension list has reached its maximum unless further changes are made in the laws. During the year 40,374 new pensioners were added to the rolls, and 3,873 were restored, but 29,393 were removed by death, 1,141 by remarriage (widows), 1,618 by legal limitation (minors), 2,552 by failure for three years to claim pensions, and 9,323 for other causes, making a total of 44,093. There was thus a small net gain, but the rapid increase in the death-list indicates that this increase will be the last under the present laws. Most of the soldiers were young men, but it is now thirty-one years since the war ended. The number of pensioners now on the rolls is 970,000, and the expenditure for pensions during the year was $138,000,000. Regarding the revision of the pension lists, the Commissioner says: "There is no foundation for the erroneous impression that it is the intention still further to revise the lists, as the purging of the rolls commenced in 1893 has been entirely accomplished. It ought to be understood, however, that there still exists the purpose to maintain the pension roll as the Nation's roll of honor."

The Outlook Vacation Fund

Previously acknowledged	$5,575 80
Guests of the Hotel Cotocheset and Cottages, Wianno, Mass.	105 00
Cotocheset Christian Endeavor, third collection	20 00
A Mother, Cornwall, N. Y	5 00
From a Reader of The Outlook	2 00
C. G. E., Norwich, Conn	5 00
H. D. O., Kenwood, N. Y	3 00
H. H. W., Pomona, Cal	100 00
F. C. O., Utica, N. Y	10 00
N. O. N., St. Louis, Mo	7 00
Total	$5,832 80

Dr. John Watson

Dr. Watson will have the freedom of the continent without any formal ceremony of presentation of the keys. Few men of foreign birth are better known in this country than he, and it is not too much to say that none is better loved. Many men write books of the mind; it is the good fortune of Ian Maclaren to write books of the heart. At the beginning of the century our great-grandfathers were still shedding tears over Mackenzie's once widely read "Man of Feeling." One who opens that improbable and artificial story to-day wonders what there was in it to moisten the eyes of even the sentimental, and is reminded of the clergyman who was weeping during the delivery of a passage in his sermon evidently intended to be pathetic. "What is he crying about?" asked a somewhat critical auditor of his companion in a front pew. "If you were in his place," was the whispered reply, "and had as little to say as he has, you would cry too." It has been said of the "Bonnie Brier-Bush" that it is the first story in half a century which has brought reluctant tears to the eyes of unemotional men; and there is very little doubt that so long as the book is read at all it will be read with moist eyes. Last year it fell to the lot of the writer of these words to hear one of the most eminent of living Scotchmen—a scholar, thinker, and speaker of the first rank—read from the "Bonnie Brier-Bush" more than once, and with that deep and tender feeling, born of the unconscious kinship of race and history, which seems to be the gift of the finer type of Scotchmen. But there were certain chapters in the book which the reader could never be induced to open. "No Scotchman," he would say, "can read those chapters aloud." They were too intimate, they came too close to the sacred privacies of the soul, for public rendering.

The astonishing success of Ian Maclaren is due in no small measure to the fact that he is so entirely free from the professional literary air; he has the simplicity, the naturalness, the unaffected charm of his material. He is in immediate touch with the life he describes, and that life, fortunately, is rich not only in the qualities that make character, but in a kind of elemental richness of nature which gives the roughest, hardest bit of habit or experience a deep and genuine interest. The Scotch are always so much in evidence, and have such a persistent way of celebrating the glories of the thistle and the tartan, that men of other blood sometimes hesitate to revive a refrain which has such an astonishing power of starting echoes in every direction, and of suddenly swelling into a great volume when it has apparently finally subsided. There are moments when men of other races are ready to applaud so profane a sentiment as that credited to General Horace Porter, who is reported to have said at the close of the annual dinner of a Scotch society and after long eulogies of Scotch poetry, history, women, scenery, and character: "It is all very well to talk of the Doon and the Clyde as if they were great rivers, but it is well to remember that, as a matter of fact, there isn't water enough in the Clyde to gargle one of the mouths of the Mississippi." Nevertheless, everybody knows, and all men of English blood secretly confess, that the Scotch have a marvelous heritage of sentiment as well as of character, and that the springs of poetry are deep and clear in the land of Burns and Scott.

Dr. Watson happened to be born at Manningtree, in Essex, England, but he is of pure Scotch blood—a Highlander of the Highlanders. His mother was a Maclaren from Loch Fay, and spoke the Gaelic tongue, and Gaelic was the language of his father's father. All the world—

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or that part of it, at least, which has been wise enough to read the "Bonnie Brier-Bush" and "Auld Lang Syne"—knows that the boy grew up in a religious atmosphere, was thoughtful and studious, and in due time went up to the University of Edinburgh, as Thomas Carlyle and so many of his eminent countrymen had done before him. There was a group of brilliant men in the University when the young Watson was going up and down the narrow streets: Robert Louis Stevenson, who was to stir the blood of English-reading people again with the old-time power of the Scotch story-teller; Professor Henry Drummond, who was to bring to the platform the freshness of the best contemporary manhood, the results of the latest scientific investigation, and the earnestness of the evangelist; Dr. James Stalker and Dr. George Adam Smith, scholars, thinkers, and writers of traditional Scotch thoroughness and power. After further study, mainly at Tübingen, Dr. Watson entered the ministry of the Free Kirk, and began work as an assistant in the Barclay Church in Edinburgh. At the end of the year he was called to Logielmond, a little clachan which lies near the Grampian Hills in northern Perthshire. It was during the brief two and a half years of his ministry in this little community that Dr. Watson came to know the Glen, Drumtochty, and the group of men and women whose names are now so widely known. Drumsheugh, Domsie, Mrs. Macfadyen, and, above all, William MacLure, have almost ceased to be fictitious characters, so real and familiar have they become. The simple habits, the quiet heroism, the sturdy independence, the incisive humor, the unaffected pathos of life in the Glen have charmed and refreshed multitudes of people weary of the problems, studies, introspection, psychology, and morbid passion which so largely enter into contemporary fiction. Ian Maclaren has gone back to life under normal conditions and in natural relations; he has touched the common experiences with a tender and skillful hand, he has once more set the common relations between man and man and man and woman in the light of a spiritual order, and he has taken us again to those springs of native sentiment and humor which flow afresh in every generation. What Burns did for the Scotch daisy, the type of the beauty with which rural Scotland is strewn, Dr. Watson has done for the lowly careers and simple lives of the men and women of Drumtochty.

But this work of literary portraiture was still far in the future when Dr. Watson went to the pulpit of Free St. Matthew's, in Glasgow, where Dr. Stalker now preaches; and, three years later, to the pulpit of Sefton Park Presbyterian Church, Liverpool, where he still remains and where he had already made a wide reputation as a preacher when fame suddenly came to him from another quarter. Nature has admirably equipped Dr. Watson for pulpit influence and eminence. He has a vigorous physique, perfect health, a contagious charm of temperament, and a manliness of nature and power of sympathy which open the hearts of men to him. He is liberal in thought, catholic in spirit, and singularly simple and approachable in manner. Young men especially are drawn to him in large numbers. He is a persistent and ardent worker, a lover of books, and in hearty touch with the moral and intellectual life of his time. His style is direct, simple, and ardent, and his eloquence flows from his deep sympathy with men, his insight into life, and his quick and ready imagination. Lowell once said in relation to Carlyle that when a Scotchman has imagination he is possessed by it; Dr. Watson is, however, thoroughly well poised and in complete command of himself. He subordinates his gifts to his message.

His career as a writer has been brief and strikingly successful. "Beside the Bonnie Brier-Bush" was published in 1894, and was recognized almost at a glance as first-hand work, and has been as widely read, in all probability, as any book of fiction since the appearance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." A second volume in the same vein and of the same quality, "Auld Lang Syne," appeared last year; and the first long story from the same hand, "Kate Carnegie," is now being read by the readers of The Outlook in its monthly Magazine Numbers. Dr. Watson comes here with a wide and established reputation as a writer and a preacher to enter a new and arduous field—that of the lecturer. He stands in the shadow of a fame which would embarrass a man of less fineness of fiber and simplicity of nature; but it will be his happy fortune to meet crowds of friends wherever he goes and to speak to those who already know the tones of his voice.

The Commonwealth

IX.—The Prophet

The prophet is one who interprets God to man; the priest is one who undertakes to interpret man to God. In our judgment, the world needs no priests; for God understands his children better than they understand themselves, and needs no one to interpret them to him. But the world does need prophets, as truly as ever, and the need is as sore; for his children do not understand their Father, and he who understands Him even a little must tell his fellows what he knows. This is the function of the prophet; to fulfill this function he must know something of the Father whom he is to interpret, and something of man to whom he is to give the interpretation. These two knowledges he *must* possess; other knowledge may serve if it contributes to these, not otherwise.

We choose the term prophet to designate this servant of the Commonwealth rather than the more familiar term clergyman, minister, or preacher. Clergyman is too narrow, signifying really an ecclesiastical office; minister too broad, signifying servant—it is the object of this series of articles to show that every true man is and must be a minister. Preacher might, indeed, answer our purpose, since every prophet is truly a preacher, and every preacher must be in some measure a prophet. But preacher suggests a pulpit and a text, and we mean here to include preachers who never speak from a pulpit nor by the book. There is in literature no greater sermon on sin than Nathaniel Hawthorne's "Marble Faun," and no greater sermon on God's redeeming love than John G. Whittier's "Eternal Goodness;" but most readers would hardly think of including either Hawthorne or Whittier among the world's great preachers. Of prophets, then, we are to speak, including under that general term all men and women who have received any message from God which they are endeavoring to deliver to their fellow-men, out of such imperfection of knowledge and with such imperfection of speech as belongs to humanity.

The prophet is not a mere retailer of other men's wares—either old or new. He is no mere teacher of philosophy, whether religious or secular. He is no pseudo-omniscient personage who has crammed all life into a creed, long or short, having taught which his work is done.

> "The Builder of this Universe was wise,
> He planned all souls, all systems, planets, particles:
> The Plan he shaped all worlds and eons by,
> Was—Heavens!—was thy small Nine and thirty Articles!"

The man who thinks this, and is acting on this thought, may be a clergyman—curate, rector, bishop, archbishop, or cardinal; he may be a minister—elder, deacon, circuit-rider,

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exhorter, Salvationist, or revivalist; he may be a preacher, teacher, theologian, Doctor of Divinity, what you will—but he is no prophet. A prophet gets his message directly from God. He is, therefore, to prophesy "according to the proportion of his faith," and, indeed, can *prophesy* in no other proportion, for he can give as God's message only what he has by faith received from God. He may be aided to receive this message by many helpers—by nature, life, study, meditation, prayer, and, among other helpers, by the messages of other prophets, Biblical or post-Biblical. But the message he gets from past prophets must be revitalized by a present God, or he is a mere scribe—no prophet. For the difference between a scribe and a prophet is exactly this: the scribe repeats the message of another; the prophet gives a message which he has first made his own. The scribe is an echo of the prophet: not an altogether useless personage, provided the echo is reasonably clear, but by no means a prophet. Indeed, he generally believes that the days of prophets and prophecy are passed, and that now only echoes are to be heard.

The message of prophecy takes on a great many different forms and is uttered in a great many different dialects. It cannot, indeed, be otherwise. For the prophet is interpreting God to men; he must, therefore, speak in language which men can understand, and there is no one language which all men can understand. Pentecost is continuous: we hear every man in our own tongue wherein we were born. Why should we insist that the message should always be given in Parthian, or Median, or Cappadocian? The Roman Catholic priest and Dwight L. Moody each proclaims a message of absolution; and each proclaims it in the language in which he was born and to those who understand that dialect. Why not? The priest, with his pictured or sculptured Virgin and Child, is proclaiming the same truth of divine motherhood which Henry Ward Beecher proclaimed without a Holy Mother of God. Why should we object to the use of object-lessons for those who can learn more easily by object-lessons? But the messages differ in substance as well as in form. There is nothing strange about that, either. For the truth of God is so great and the mind of man so little that the greatest prophet sees only a fragment of truth, and reports what he sees, as he ought: only let him not denounce as falsehood what some other prophet has seen and he has failed to see. Each declares what he has seen and known: Calvin the sovereignty of God, Wesley the responsibility of man, Finney human guilt, Channing human dignity. Amos is not less a prophet because his message is not the same as Isaiah's, nor John less a prophet because his vision is not Paul's.

The messages of the prophets concerning God are all summed up in two affirmations: that he is a righteous God, and that he is a redeeming God. That he demands righteousness of his children, and demands nothing else—this is the message of the Law; that he will help his children to be righteous if they will accept his help—this is the message of the Gospel. And the world needs, sorely needs, needs as deeply as it ever did, men who know this twofold truth of God and can interpret it to humanity.

We need in America preachers of righteousness; preachers who see the great moral laws, and know how to apply them, and dare to proclaim them; preachers who will test all business methods by the Golden Rule; who will tell lawmakers that they cannot make laws, but can only discover and apply them; who will teach Democracy that there is one Higher than the highest; who will dare to withstand popular prejudices and rebuke public sins; who will not quail either before the ecclesiastical ring in Jerusalem or the infuriated mob in Nazareth. We need no less preachers of redemption; preachers who will bring courage to the faint of heart, life to the weary and despairing, comfort to the afflicted; who from the souls of men, when doubting themselves and therefore doubting all others, will evoke the triumph-song: "Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him, who is the health of my countenance and my God."

It is sometimes said that the pulpit has lost its power. Perhaps it has. No such awe encircles the platform of the clergy as used to surround it. It is said that reverence for the cloth has departed. It certainly is departing. There is little if any more reverence for the surplice than for the roundabout. The ecclesiastical milliner and the theological scribe were never very useful persons, and as the world grows more intelligent it has less use for them. But there never was a time when, and there never was a country in which, there was more need of true prophets, or more readiness to hear and to heed them. There never was an epoch or a country in which humanity more needed, or more realized its need of, men who give themselves to the endeavor to understand the will and way of God and reverently and humbly to explain that will and point out that way. There is only one person whose service to the Commonwealth is greater than that of the prophet—the mother. And she too is a prophet.

Leaving Questions with God

In one of his letters touching a very important event in his life George Fox wrote: "Wherefore I let the thing rest, and went on in the work and service of the Lord." There is a deep and vital truth of practical living suggested by this fragment of a sentence—a truth which, received and acted upon, goes far to make the mind calm, the heart peaceful, and the hands effective. There are a great many conscientious but anxious people who find themselves continually tempted to postpone work until all questions can be settled; who attempt, in a word, to anticipate the education of life by grasping at the beginning those results which come only at the end. For there are a great many perplexing problems which can never be thought out; they must be worked out. The man or woman who wants to settle them in advance will fail alike of the settlement of the question and the doing of the task. It is through the active putting forth of one's power that light continually streams in on the questions which concern what one ought to do. In any education the understanding of the ultimate uses of things must be postponed; those uses are revealed only when the educational process nears its close. This is pre-eminently true of the supreme educational process which we call life. There are thousands of questions weighing upon every sincere and conscientious mind which cannot be settled by any amount of thinking, but which in a way settle themselves as one slowly but faithfully does the duty which lies next. This comes very near being the whole philosophy of life, which is in no sense a settlement of ultimate questions, but which is always primarily the doing of the thing that presses to be done. He who is able to do faithfully and heartily that which lies in his hand is on the road to the settlement of all the final questions. He is working his way through the experience which is to be, from the spiritual side, one of the great sources of personal illumination. To learn to leave things with God, and to do one's work as if God could be trusted, is to gain the repose and full-heartedness which permit one to pour out his whole strength without anxiety, worry, or distraction.

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New York's Latest Movement toward Church Unity

By the Rev. Walter Laidlaw

Executive Secretary of the Federation of Churches and Christian Workers in New York City

THROUGH the sacrifice of the life of millions, political unity has been forever established in the American Republic; through the sacrifice of the life of One, spiritual unity shall yet be established the world round. More ardent than the passion of the Fathers of our country for an "indivisible union of indestructible States" was the prayer of the Founder of our Christianity for the co-operant unity of all who believe in Him. There is room for difference of opinion concerning the indissolubleness of the relations of individual States to the United States, as conceived of by some of the framers of our Constitution; there can be no divergence of opinion concerning the unity of Christians, as conceived of by the Apostles and desired by our Lord.

It is one of the antinomies of things that a land which has baptized itself with such earnest baptism for the cause of political unity should exceed the whole world in devising religious diversity. Dr. H. K. Carroll has pointed out that we have more denominations in America than has any other country of the world. This is no doubt partly due to our importation of all the opinions and cleavages of Christianity's Protestant and Roman Catholic past, and to the freedom of our religious life from restraint or censorship; but it is also due to the inoculation of our very spirituality with the National spirit of inventiveness. Forty-five States have relation to Washington; one hundred and forty-three denominations claim loyalty to Calvary, and the roll of Christian sects grows apace with the roll of American States.

Perhaps the failure of past attempts at Church unity has been due to the neglect of a survey of the possible, and to a striving after the unattainable and undesirable. Our Lord's prayer was not for the merging of one disciple within another, but for the sympathy and co-operation of the continuing two. He likened their unity to the co-operant, eternal Father and Son. When Church unity has been essayed, with the thought, upon the part of its projectors, of the traceless obliteration of all existing bodies except one, we cannot marvel that it has failed of establishment. If the fight for Federal Government in this country had been carried on for an indivisible Union of *destructible* States, there would have been no wearers of the blue in the South, and many of the gray in the North. The Church unity whose chances of establishment are strong is that which confesses that the existing denominations alone can elect their death-hour, and which invites a union of all who love and serve the Lord Jesus, not that all may die except one denomination, aforehand picked out by man, but that each may live till its mortality is swallowed up of life. The first hopeful step toward Church unity is the recognition of the fact that the body of Christ in the world is not one individual denomination, but all denominations. When that conviction becomes the feeling of the world-wide Church, the second stage of the actual establishment of Church unity will speedily be reached, viz., a desire in the body of the Church, made up of many members, to be clothed upon with a body which is from heaven. The "glorious body" which Church unity will wear may be fashioned differently from anything now on the planet. It took a long time to evolve the human body; it meant addition and elimination of organs; it will take time to evolve the final form of the Church, which is Christ's body—the fullness of Him who filleth all in all.

To revert to the Federal illustration, however, it must be said, and it cannot be said too strongly, that the cleavage of American Christianity into sects, distancing the partition of the continent into States, cannot endure without grave detriment both to the country and Christianity, unless there is a strong instinct of federation, a sense of corporate unity despite multiplicity of members, in the Christian denominations.

During the Civil War the State regiments, for a long time, carried their State ensigns into action, devoting to their defense as much energy as to the Stars and Stripes. This was seen to be a strategic mistake, and an order was issued that the flag of the Union alone should lead the troops into engagement. State flags, it was represented, would be worth flying in future only if the Nation survived. The hour has come in the history of the Nation's Christianity when the banner which all Christians love must lead, in preference to the emblems of the denominations, the advance of the denominational regiments. If the Christian army is to be "mighty," it must regard itself as "all one body." The success of Christianity in this country means more to the denominations than the success of denominations, with Christianity a failure, or only a partial success, in inspiriting the Nation. If Christianity does not conquer in the United States, denominational emblems will not be worth flying in future. They will be riddled and ridiculed into rags.

The Federation of Churches and Christian Workers in New York City is not an instrument of denominational obliteration. It is a movement for a Grand Army. It proposes to recognize every individual church and denomination in New York City as part of the body of Christ, to run His errands, announce His message, accomplish His will. It is not a union of denominations, as such; it is a union of churches and Christian workers. It says to the churches and charities, "You are doing God's will in the world;" it invites them, "Acquaint yourselves, and associate yourselves, with others who are doing the same, that it may be better done."

The Federation was first thought of in a gathering of the alumni and friends of the Union Theological Seminary, shortly after the East Side Settlement of the Seminary had been set a-going. The first meeting in its interest was held in April of 1895. At this meeting laymen and ministers of eight denominations gathered and listened to a forcible portrayal of the effects of isolated and competitive church care of the city, written by the Rev. J. Winthrop Hegeman, Ph.D., and since published in pamphlet form by the Federation. In the autumn a constitution was adopted, providing for membership in the Federation of all churches in the city, and of selected charitable organizations. All denominations, however small, may be represented in the Council, which is the managing body, meeting monthly, as the Federation meets annually and specially. The Council elects the officers, drafts the by-laws, and apportions the active oversight of the work among Committees. These Committees are Investigation, Co-operation, Extension, Legislation, Ways and Means. Their Chairmen and the officers constitute an Executive Committee. This now comprises members of six denominations, and is made up as follows: Frank Mason North, D.D., Chairman; the Rev. Leighton Williams, the Rev. J. W. Hegeman, Ph.D., the Rev. James Millard Philputt, D.D., the Rev. Anson P. Atterbury, D.D., Mr. R. R. McBurney, Mr. Robert Graham, Mr. Arthur W. Milbury, Mr. John S. Bussing. The Council now numbers thirty-six. Officers of the Federation, in addition to the above members of the Executive Committee, are Mr. William E. Dodge, Seth Low, LL.D., and the Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D.D., honorary Vice-Presidents.

In October last the Investigation Committee, having secured, through Dr. Hegeman, the co-operation of the churches within the Fifteenth Assembly District, commenced a house-to-house convass of the population, numbering 39,929—a sub-city larger than Long Island City. The boundaries of the district are Hudson River, West Forty-sixth Street, Tenth Avenue, West Forty-third Street, Eighth Avenue, West Fifty-third Street, Ninth Avenue, West Fiftieth Street, Tenth Avenue, West Forty-ninth Street, Hudson River. Four of the ten Protestant churches in the district actively joined in the work, and all co-

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operated in it to their utmost. Six churches on the borders of the district, and one far removed from it, the Madison Avenue Presbyterian, assisted. These, and the neighboring branches of the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A., combined, canvassed 27,652 individuals, and 12,277 were canvassed by Union Seminary students. The greater part of the work was done in May and June last.

A full report upon this canvass, in a large pamphlet of 112 pages, has just been published. Statistics are given concerning the nationalities, and the figures are all reduced to percentages to show: each nationality's percentage of the entire population; the percentages of church members and attendants in each: of children of Sunday-school and public-school age in Sunday-school and public school, respectively; the percentage of the church members in the entire district contributed by each nationality; the percentage of each denomination in the communicants of each nationality; the percentage of the communicants of each nationality in each denomination. The parallel of the above items for the entire city is given wherever it is discoverable in the Federal Census of 1890, though it must be remembered that the religious statistics of the Eleventh Census are a torso, owing to limitations in our Constitution. Every mission board in the country would be benefited by the classification of the religious statistics of the Census of 1890 according to nationalities. The report does this for the Fifteenth Assembly District, and the nationalities are printed in the same order as the roll of the nations in the United States in the Eleventh Census. The canvass discloses twenty-seven nationalities in the district, and at least twenty-four denominations. Six of the nationalities comprise over 1 per cent. each of the population, and the statistics of these are as follows:

Nationality.	Percentage of population.	Percentage of nationality church members.	Percentage of the church members in the nationality.	Percentage of church members Romanists (specified).	Percentage of nationality Romanists.	Percentage of children of Sunday-school age (5–20) in Sunday-school.	Percentage of children of public-school age (5–14) in public school.	Percentage of nationality church attendants.
American..	33.6	51.1	32.0	50.8	25.9	64.2	70.3	44.3
Irish.....	30.1	68.5	39.0	86.5	59.3	56.6	66.0	50.0
German....	25.3	44.8	21.1	39.2	17.5	60.5	72.7	43.7
English....	3.1	49.7	3.0	35.0	17.4	74.0	74.5	45.4
Scotch	1.7	43.9	1.5	15.6	6.9	72.9	70.4	48.2
Italian.....	1.7	41.2	1.4	93.2	38.4	36.6	54.0	29.3
All nationalties in district...		53.9	....	61.03	32.9	60.3	69.4	45.4

Thus the Fifteenth Assembly District is predominantly an Irish district. The Americans are in the lead, but the percentage of Americans who are Romanists shows that there are many of them of Irish descent. Still, the Germans comprise one-fourth of the population. Besides the nationalities mentioned above there are Canadians, Cubans, Welsh, Austrians, Dutch, Belgians, Swiss, Norwegians, Swedes, Danes, Russians, Hungarians, Bohemians, Poles, Roumanians, French, Spanish, Chinese, Hebrews, Persians, Negroes.

Fifty-three and nine-tenths per cent. of the population are church members. This awakens the idea that the district must be abnormally religious, for only 36.75 per cent. of the population of New York in 1890 were church members. But only 45.4 per cent. of the population are church attendants, and the non-attendant population is as large as Schenectady's entire population.

Sixty-one and three one-hundredths per cent. of the church members are Roman Catholics. This, to one unfamiliar with the facts, seems a large percentage. Really, it is small. Conceding to the Roman Catholic communion 61.03 per cent. of the "unspecified" church members returned in the canvass, the Roman Catholic percentage would be 67.6 per cent.; whereas, in 1890, 69.5 per cent. of the communicants of the city were Roman Catholics. Indeed, it was only the large percentage in New York's population of the nationalities contributing to the Roman Catholic Church and the Hebrew synagogues which preserved New York City in 1890 from having a percentage of church membership discouragingly below that of Brooklyn, Philadelphia, and Chicago. The membership of the synagogues in New York in 1890 exceeded all Protestant denominations except the Episcopal. Roman Catholicism's maximum gain in the Fifteenth Assembly District can be only 4,515 people, making 16,872 persons; Protestantism has claim upon 67.1 per cent. of the population, or 17,019 people.

More minute statistics concerning the denominations are as follows:

Denomination.	Organizations in New York City.	Organizations in Fifteenth Assembly Dist.	Percentage church property in New York.	Number persons canvassed by the denominations.	Percentage in communicants, New York.	Percentage specified communicants Fifteenth Assembly District.
Roman Catholic.....	123	1	14.8	....	69 5	61 03
Episcopal.....	80	..	29 9	1,963	6 7	6.52
Lutheran.....	29	..	2.9	.	2 9	6.39
Reformed.....	32	..	6.3	6,742	1.6	1.17
Presbyterian.....	67	4	17.1	3,911	4.7	5.47
Baptist.....	43	3	7.09	11,175	2.6	2.75
Congregational.....	8	..	1.8	....	.54	.20
Methodist.....	71	1	7.2	....	3.1	3.12
Hebrew.....	135	..	6.8	....	6.2	1.79
Christian Alliance.....	...	..		....	....	.03
Disciples.....	3	..	.20	....	.07	.01
Evangelical Association.	3	1	.14	....	.05	.03
Greek Church.....	...	1	....	....	....	.....
Gospel Tabernacle.....	...	1	....	....	....	.34
Mott Street Mission.....	...	..	....	....	....	.02
Quakers.....	3	..	.81	....	.14	.01
Salvation Army.....	...	..	....	....	....	.07
Swedenborgian.....	...	1	....	....	....	.01
Swedish.....	...	..	....	....	....	.10
Unitarian.....	3	..	1.15	....	.16	.05
Universalist.....	4	..	1 03	....	.15	.09
Unspecified.....	40	..	2 3	16,048	1.4	10.79
	644	12				

The above figures, and many others in the report, furnish abundant food for reflection to the denominations.

Some of the most practical recommendations of the report immediately connect themselves with the above table.

Episcopalianism has no church in the district. Yet it has the largest percentage of Protestant church membership—as high as in the city as a whole. There is a region of the district in which there are no church facilities of any sort. The population, with adjacent blocks, numbers 39,169. The region is west of Tenth Avenue. In this region the Episcopal Church has more members in and out of church than any other denomination. Evidently, therefore, if any denomination is to enter the field, the Episcopal is the proper one. This is one scientific conclusion from the co-operative canvass. Similarly, Lutheranism should enter the field, to supply the needs of the Germans; 24.1 per cent. of the German communicants are Lutherans. There are 848 Lutheran members from Ninth Avenue to the river, but only 764 attendants. There are 2,771 Germans not attendants in this same range of blocks.

To give, in an article of this length, a summary of all the material accumulated in the canvass is impossible. The foregoing is cited to show that the Federation has been seeking to make, for the guidance of the educational and evangelical work of the Church, as close a study of the population as the Federal Government makes for its purposes, as the State of New York, for secular education, makes biennially in all cities of over 10,000 people. The slips in hand permit the discovery of every one of the 3,436 children in the district who are out of Sunday-school; the 1,850 who are out of public school; the 15,612 non-church members; the 18,279 non-church attendants.

The churches which have co-operated in making the canvass have formed a permanent Auxiliary to the Federation, and out of it, in time, will probably come a minute parish plan for the church work of the district. There are blocks of over three thousand people among the

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population canvassed. This is a population as large as Tarrytown. Yet there are churches in the Auxiliary willing to assume permanently the responsibility of knowing the exact conditions of every individual in a block of these dimensions, and to invite the people within it, in the name of the entire denominational church-membership in the auxiliary, to connect themselves with the Church, her sympathies and services. Business calculations nowadays, to be safe, must be computed to a mill; secular education, in the view of New York State, is not safe in cities unless there is a biennial canvass, house to house: the Church's acquaintance with the population should be similarly minute. The Federation of Churches and Christian Workers in New York City is a co-operant unity of denominations to accomplish this end. It studies the population, man by man, to get at present conditions; it tabulates the facts found; it estimates the adequacy of existing agencies to meet needs disclosed; in recommending new agencies it has a scientific basis for its statements.

Its future is to relieve the busy pastors of the Fifteenth Assembly District of all statistical detail in trying to get at the population, man by man; to co-operate with the Auxiliary through its Committees on Co-operation, Extension, Legislation—whose work always follows that of the Committee on Investigation; and to form, in other regions of the city, Auxiliaries "B," "C," etc., to succeed Auxiliary "A." The Federation, if it is supported, will eventually parish this city among a co-operant Christianity, and its office will contain as accurate and adequate information concerning the educational side of the church life of New York as does the Charity Organization Society's office concerning the alms side.

The Convict Conception of Authority

From the Prisoner's Point of View[1]

To the average convict, the guards, with their muskets, like the bolts and bars, become mere accessories to an environment, and not symbols of force and restraint. Unless cruelty or fraud be practiced, the criminal in prison receives no more and no less than he expects. Given confinement, and he admits the details as a matter of course. He certainly does not approve, but he must recognize, the logic of the inevitable; it is the one process of reasoning which has been hammered into his mind by experience.

It is significant to hear a keeper expostulating with a refractory prisoner. "What's the use, Jack?" he will say. "We've got the better of you, and we must have order, you know." And Jack, unless he be wild with rage or despair, concedes that if he were a "screw" he would keep a steady rein, and so sulkily submits.

Hence there is little active antagonism between custodian and ward. Indeed, from the good nature of the one and the deference of the other there springs an apparent amity. A prison is a microcosm, and all within its walls, whether warden, keeper, guard, cook, or convict, share a common citizenship. There is news, for instance, which is intrinsic to it: gossip about new arrivals and reminiscences of departed old-timers; the thousand and one contingencies which must arise where almost every inmate is hoping for a pardon; the state of the various manufactories—whether this shop is about to have a "lay-off" and that a rush of "overtime"—the likelihood of change through the fall election, the meeting of the Legislature, or the visit of some commission; all of which, in connection with that human weakness which causes those acquainted with the world without to be as anxious to tell of events as the ignorant are to hear, produces a sociality as peculiar and limited as it is normal.

Convicts know far more about keepers than keepers do about convicts. The reasons for this are at once apparent: the keepers are fewer in number, and their interest is divided. Many of them, holding positions through political influence, regard duty as merely an unpleasant routine, and have all their heart in the hours of rest. The convict view, on the other hand, is as intense as it is restricted. Each keeper is an important item in his life, which selfishness, curiosity, and lack of diversion unite in causing him to study. No school-teacher on his platform is an object of such minute scrutiny as the guard on his high stool. Not a movement, not a glance, not a change of dress nor a cast of countenance, but has its interpretation. If any men live in a glass house, prison officials do.

From this keen observation, each officer becomes known by some leading characteristic. Jack the old-timer thus instructs Jack the new man: "So-and-so," he says, "is a crank;" and thenceforward that one is shunned as much as can be. "So-and-so," he continues, "is a good fellow." This is the highest praise, and emboldens the neophyte to ask the recipient for a match or a bit of tobacco if the chance offers. "So-and-so," he goes on, "feels his oats." Here is a note of caution which means that the one described may to-day be affable but to-morrow as unapproachable as a king. "So-and-so," he concludes, "is soft." A snort of contempt greets this intelligence, and though this officer may well be the best-hearted of the lot, he will surely be the one least considered.

The average convict not only knows that it is hard to kick against the pricks, but he is too intent on bettering his own condition to even think of doing so. There is as much mean rivalry and striving for personal advantage in prisons as in the outer world—it would be an exaggeration to say there was more. Hence this knowledge of keepers is expended for the most part in truckling. Jack is an adroit flatterer, the more adroit for his bluntness. He will spring in answer to a fat-witted wish almost before it is formulated. No men are better waited on than prison officials. Their clothes are kept brushed, their shoes blackened, their beards deftly shaved. Start not, gentle visitor, on the alert for outbreaks and bloodshed, at the audacity of thus exposing the throat to the blade. That convict barber has but one thought: will the reward for his skill be a plug of tobacco or an extra ration from the hospital?

Such obsequiousness might well deceive trained judgment; but, in reality, the convict opinion of prison officials is not flattering. It grows more contemptuous as it nears the lower grades; for Jack has luxurious notions, and a man who is content to work for sixty dollars a month seems a poor creature to him. He is fond of comparing his own condition with that of the guard, to the disadvantage of the latter. This, of course, is nonsense; yet it may be said that ordinary prison service implies a coarse, harsh, tedious life of exposure, long hours, and insufficient pay. High rank, however, appeals to the convict's imagination. It always represents wealth and power to him. This effect is strengthened if the warden holds himself aloof and only appears, like a *deus ex machina*, for the settlement of trouble. Then the most refractory will quail before the majesty of his glance.

Convicts are skeptical as to the honesty of their keepers. This conception is largely an inheritance; for in the past, far more than at present, money could do much in prisons. The contract system had a demoralizing, blighting effect; and officials, seeing greed authorized to exceed not only the instincts of humanity but of decency, followed a pernicious example, and took when and what they could. While wardens and deputies are now for the most part men not only of capability but of conscience, it must be said that too little attention is still paid to the selection of the rank and file of prison service. If a man be healthy and burly, with perhaps a local reputation as a pugilist, and surely the favor of some ward politician, he is likely to be appointed. These are not the qualifications for a position of trust; nor are the temptations to be resisted insignificant. If a guard yields once to a bribe, he is ruined; for within twenty-four hours the tidings will have sped from flagging to topmost tier that he is "crooked," and thereafter every man Jack with an odd coin feels that he has him at beck and call.

The amity existing in prison is merely a *modus vivendi;* beneath it there is much real bitterness. The convict feels that he is despised; that any favor is either a condescension or a purchase. "They care no more for us

[1] By the author of "A Man of Education in Prison: A Personal Experience," in The Outlook for August 8 last.

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than they do for dogs," he will grumble. There is a prison rule, inevitable perhaps, that in any controversy the word of a keeper must be taken. This works for discipline, but not for reformation. In fact, there is far more self-respect inculcated in training-stables than in prisons; but then horses have a commercial value, and are, hence, intrusted to experts. And yet, paradoxical as is the phrase, and strange as it may seem, it is probable that courts of honor among convicts would render fair judgments.

There is also a latent distrust which the slightest change in routine will bring to the surface. Jack's rights are so few that he is well informed of them. In many cases, however, he is not well informed as to restrictions or the reasons for them. One who has little will fight fiercely for its preservation; and from this instinct, too seldom considered, come the vast majority of prison disorders. The convict rebels, not to gain something, but to retain it. There should be more confidence from the management to the managed; it would allay the convict's eternal suspicion that somebody is getting the better of him. The hardest thing to make Jack believe is that there is any public or private interest in him save that he may be securely held.

The convict, then, is selfishly submissive; he has regard for his commutation, or what he calls his "good time;" he has a wholesome dread of the dungeon, and of bread and water; and a mean but natural desire to be better off than his fellows. Yet in all this perfunctory obedience there is an undercurrent of determination to do as little as possible, to skirt as closely as may be to the line of insubordination so characteristic of slavery. He is subjugated, but not reconciled; like the sepoy, he serves for fear of a worse fate befalling him. Though in a dull sort of a way he admits to himself that a prison must be a prison, he is prone to deep if not loud revilings; but these curses are directed more towards those who, he believes, impelled him thither than those who now hold him there. And this distinction on his part naturally leads to the consideration as to what the average convict thinks of the merits of his incarceration.

There is a story told of Frederick the Great that one day he visited a prison and questioned the inmates as to the justice of their punishment. Each one protested his innocence, with a single exception, and that one replied: "Yes, your Majesty, I deserve all I got, and far more. From the days of my youth I have been a malefactor; there is no crime on the calendar which I have not repeatedly committed." Then the monarch called the warden to him and said: "Release this man at once, lest he corrupt all the other good men."

Now a cursory examination of the convicts in any modern prison might not reveal even this single exception. Convicts always protest their innocence, even when they have pleaded guilty. A little cross-questioning, however, will lead to qualifications. "Well, they didn't prove it, anyway," says one. "Well, the District Attorney wasn't square," declares another. In all who finally concede some fault on their part, there remains a sincere sense of wrong. A portion of this grievance is doubtless inevitable; every trial is but an approximation to the truth; and no one has so keen a view of the divergence as he who necessarily knows all the circumstances.

But one strong element in this doubt as to the equity of the law is the convict's experience with the police. The Lexow investigation created no sensation in prisons. The fact that it was ever permitted to take place aroused a mild surprise; but the general verdict as to its results was that they were a mere skimming of the truth. "Oh, don't I wish I had been called!" was a frequent exclamation. Now, the corruption thus revealed is not indigenous to the metropolis; wherever there is opportunity, there it rankly grows. Is the village constable who gives a tramp money to get drunk with in order that he may then arrest him and thus gain the resulting fees any better than the police captain who accepts tribute from the swindlers in his precinct? There is, indeed, a phase of police abuse peculiar to large cities which is technically known as "the third degree." This species of torture is a process of intimidation, and a recourse to superstitious fears, through which the criminal is induced to confess. What use is there of telling one who has been a victim to it of the constitutional props and restrictions which protect a citizen? Say to him that no man can be compelled to incriminate himself, and his answer will be, "I know better."

Prosecuting officers, also, are responsible for this skepticism. The blame, however, rests not so much with them as with the public who persist in measuring success by the number of convictions. How ridiculous it would be to inform the average convict that the District Attorney is a quasi-judicial officer whose first duty it is to have the truth revealed! "Nothing of the sort," Jack would retort. "Don't I know? Haven't I been there? He twisted what I said in the police court to mean something different; he misrepresented this, he concealed that;" and so on and so on, each one telling a similar story, until the instructor would be forced to believe that the foremost legal maxim is that the end justifies the means.

The convict's opinion of courts rises from contempt for a justice of the peace to awe for the high tribunals; but in it all there is very little genuine respect. If there is one idea more firmly fixed in the convict mind, it is that money is all-powerful. This belief is natural; for the average convict is too ignorant to reason except from what he sees and hears. He knows that the vast majority of his fellows are poor; he knows that the vast majority of the defendants who delay trial, who are bailed, who take appeals, who get pardons, are rich. What, then, is his conclusion? He reads the newspapers, too, industriously, and what he gleans confirms this view. Many a case of defalcation, smothered through influence and forgotten by a self-enwrapped public, is a stock argument in prisons that justice can be purchased.

For it must be borne in mind that convicts continually discuss the law with that fatal fondness which talks the most of what it knows the least. And this ignorance is appalling. The convict will implicitly believe that any power is vested in the law except a power for good. To him it seems as malignant as it is mighty. Many legal distinctions, the effects of which he only can comprehend, aid this conception. For example, the difference in degree of punishment between some minor forms of burglary and larceny is more curious than equitable. Why should a man be punished more severely for breaking into a hen-roost than for filching a purse? Perhaps the answer that this was an old English distinction which tended to preserve the sanctity of home, so that the mere raising of a bolt was a felony, might not be regarded as entirely satisfactory by one who had received a long sentence through his lack of discrimination. His fellows would surely cite germane cases of harsh penalties for breaking into a freight-car, and claim that these were induced by the wealth of the railroads.

Then doubtful convictions have a woeful effect. There is no limit to their remembrance. Thus it is an axiom in prisons that the Greek who was sentenced for life in New York City for the killing of "Old Shakespeare" was a victim of official ambition. One such case as lately occurred in Brooklyn, where a criminal received a life sentence for the theft of a small amount because this was his second offense, has a far greater influence for evil through the distrust of the law which it causes than its example can have a deterrent effect. "He was a poor man," Jack will say, "and so they railroaded him."

There is another sort of legal ignorance prevalent in prisons, and that is regarding the right and wrong of those offenses which are punished as injurious to society rather than as crimes *per se*. Take the counterfeiter, for example. It is impossible for him to see that his success is other than a "smart thing." "Why," he will retort, "the Government is many hundreds of thousands ahead of the game each year from the money which is burned up or sunk at sea. Why shouldn't I have a little of the profit?" Some such sophistry, too, is at the command of all violators of the revenue laws. As for such private swindlers as green-goods men, they firmly believe that they are public

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benefactors. "It served them right," they will stoutly maintain, referring to their victims; "weren't they trying to defraud?" From all this there rises a habit of justification which may account in part for the lack of remorse in prisons.

From these considerations and many others it comes about that the convict's conception of authority, whether in prison or out, is of a power which has in some way, generally underhanded, gotten the better of him. While he is confined, personal motives make him submissive. In the outer world he thinks the chances are more in his favor, and he takes them. Thus it is that incarceration is but a truce in warfare on society. For much of this failure in reformation the convict cannot be justly blamed. His own unworthiness is an argument in his behalf. Much cannot be expected from one of his mental and moral caliber. But it speaks ill for modern society that its involuntary ward regards its rule as that of a monster, amenable only to the sop of money, and both rapacious and ruthless. It speaks ill for civilization that the only result of its punishment is a fear of being caught. Until there is some sort of development in prisons there will be degeneration; until men are taught the truth, they will greedily swallow lies.

What, then, is the remedy? Defendants should be more fairly treated; expediency is no justification for the violation of rights. When convicted, they should be brought to recognize, if not the enormity of their offense, at least the fairness of their condemnation from the standpoint of social order. There should also be such instruction in prisons that it would be impossible for the majority of convicts to believe, as they now firmly do, that crime consists not in the act but in its detection. The wise parent punishes his child when occasion warrants, but he always tries to make that child feel that in this punishment he has been kind.

The Woods in October

By Caroline A. Creevey

There is a peculiar fragrance about the autumn woods—a fruity, spicy, balsamic odor, suggesting ripe grapes and pine woods. It is nature fruiting. Seeded asters and goldenrods, half-dried leaves, aged thoroughwort flowers, sassafras, all such things contribute to this subtle fall atmosphere, so delicious to breathe and smell. But it needs the warm sunshine to bring it out, just as new-mown hay needs the heat to make it sweet.

On a sunny day in October one should take a holiday in the woods. For there is no other month like this. We love the pale, shy beauty of spring and the rare day in June. But summer brings its fierce heats, and September is usually a dusty, drouthy, windy month. Suddenly the gorgeous skies and soft airs of October are upon us, making us long to dream a lifetime away surrounded by this perfect atmosphere, and this beauty which is like the purple robe of a queen bedecked with gems.

Leave wraps at home, and take the botany-box. Flowers in October? Certainly, a rich, handsome bouquet.

Not all the asters and goldenrods have gone to seed. Many, like other members of the great composite family, have fashioned their feathery dust-brushes which, with fruit attached, are borne lightly on the wind into every nook and cranny of wood and pasture land. But there are still yellow, fan-like, fountain-like spikes of late goldenrods well worth picking. One of the prettiest of these is Solidago cæsia, whose little heads of blossoms lie snugly against the stem, over a leaf, thicker and thicker towards the top. S. Canadensis is one of the rough and tall species, with crowded flowers in a one-sided feathery panicle.

I always fancy there is a sort of freemasonry between goldenrods and asters which makes them come and go together, in love with each other's company. Here is one of our most delicate species, a fine and soft aster with white, pink, or purplish rays, and yellow or brown centers. This larger purple aster is the Spectabilis. Its rays are an inch long, its broad flowers few on the stem. This and the New England aster attain their greatest perfection along the roadsides of Connecticut and Massachusetts.

If we take this enticing path leading into the grassy borders of a chestnut wood, you shall have a genuine surprise. I have been here before, and know the place for a haunt of one of our prettiest fall flowers, the closed gentian. Here they are tall, straight spikes, yonder they blue the ground; and why, for color, is it not as ravishing a blue as its fringed sister over which poetry is written? Often a central flower of the cluster of closed gentians affects a rich plum color.

Down deep in the dried grass is the purple polygala, modest and shy, but pretty. It has been in bloom since August, and likes best a marshy place near the seashore. But here it is also in the New Jersey woods.

What a wealth of painted leaves around us, in the sweet-gum, the white birch, the sumachs and dogwoods, grape-vines and Virginia creepers! Here is one shrub of black alder (Ilex verticillata), with its red berries clinging to gray stems. The berries will stay on till Christmas, after the leaves have dropped. Near by is this curious magical shrub, the witch-hazel. Reversing the almost universal rule, it flowers in late autumn, and fruits the following summer. Its pretty little clusters of pale yellow flowers lie along the stem—four long, narrow petals, a four-parted calyx, with bractlets at its base. It is certainly one of the latest of our flowers.

Here at our feet is the broad, now yellowish leaf of the baneberry, with its pearly white berries on thick red stems. We must not eat them. They are beautiful to look at, but deadly to the stomach.

Here is a white goldenrod, the only white species, which many people call an aster. It has flowers along the stem, rather after the aster style. It has a pleasant fragrance, something like that of the common cudweed. We may as well add to our bouquet that lonely spike of the double-bristled aster, with its few whitish, rather seedy-looking flowers. They resemble old-fashioned garden feverfews, and are not a real aster (botanically, Diplopappus linariifolius).

We are following, now, a path leading into the darker woods. Chestnuts and hickory-nuts will soon dot the ground, but if you want any you must get here early, for swarms of Italian boys will pick them into bags and roast them on the streets of New York. At present we are safe from such intrusion, for only last year's old burrs are lying under the trees.

Here the small-leaved partridge-vine makes mats on the ground, and its red berries peep from the leaves. Winter-green berries keep them company; and this is a late hawk-weed, with yellow-tasseled flower, and a rosette of rough leaves at the root. It is restful, quiet, and warm in these dark woods, but our path leads at length out of "dim aisles" around a thicket of blackberry-vines, milkweed, and Joe Pye weed. We slide down a bank, cross the road, and enter a broad pasture. In springtime blue violets and spring-beauties carpet the place. Now the reddening leaves of its low huckleberry-bushes are brightened with clumps of asters and goldenrods.

We come to a pool, down in a dell—unwholesome-looking, stagnant water, covered with green scum. Here are growing big yellow flowers in profusion. They are not sunflowers, but a showy, large burr-marigold, one of October's pets. Each seed in the center is crowned with a pair of hooks, quite strong, to fasten into clothing, or the fleece or hair of animals, so to get a free ride and a new place in which to plant themselves. Look at your skirts, and you will see that you are acting as disseminator for another shrewd plant, the desmodium, whose triangular "stick-tight" pods clung to us in the chestnut woods. With these handsome burr-marigolds, delicate white smart-weeds, and their cousins, "my-lady's-tear-thumb," are growing. Run your finger up the tear-thumb stem, it will be scratched. Run it down, the stem is as smooth as satin. By means of this kind of a stem, the plant helps itself to climb out of the mud where it must otherwise lie prone.

We must scale another fence and cross a second pasture. Red berries of the nightshade—not the deadly European

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species—may be plucked here. A sedate horse is nibbling the dried grass, and a cow turns to look at a woman climb a fence. Be sure her calf is not near! I had an experience once. Being a Connecticut-bred woman, I never went out of my way for cows. But one took umbrage at my presence in a field, on account of her darling calf. With wild looks and ducking horns, she gave chase. O "cow-eyed Juno"! I ran to the nearest fence, over which I flew like a partridge. A farmer, seeing my danger, had seized a fence-rail, and was doing battle for me, materially aiding my escape. Then, with a pitying look at my torn skirts and red face, that man gave me the following advice: "You needn't to be afeard of cows, unless there's calves with 'em; but if there is, women folks had better keep out of the pastur'."

This is only a cow, not especially a mother, and we proceed quietly, picking a stalk of butter-and-eggs, a yarrow, a blue self-heal, and, last of all, a "wee bit daisy."

The Ship's Steward

By Gustav Kobbé

We were fast dropping Cape Henry. Only the tall lighthouse and the gaunt spars of a wrecked coaster could be seen on the point across the gently heaving sea.

The captain glanced at the compass. "No'-no'-east is high enough," he said.

"No'-no'-east is high enough, sir!" repeated the man at the wheel, as he gave it a twirl.

Eight bells. A shrill blast from the galley, and "Commodore Duff," as sailors call the steward—plum-duff being the Sunday delicacy aboard ship—stuck his head up the companionway, and piped down to supper. A fair-haired Norwegian boy in a black coat, no doubt the last remnant of his confirmation suit, emerged from the forecastle and started aft to relieve the wheel. In an old-time ship he would have had the cat-o'-nine-tails laid across his back before he had gone three steps along the quarter-deck. For he took the weather side of the "house" until a sharp command and a quick gesture from the captain sent him back and down to the lee rail. He had run away from a Norwegian steamer at Norfolk and had signed as seaman, though his breach of etiquette in coming aft on the weather side to relieve the wheel showed him to be a greenhorn. He couldn't speak English, but, according to the captain, would be a sea lawyer as soon as he knew half a dozen words.

Our vessel was a typical American coaster, with a typical complement. The captain came of a seafaring New England family. His father had been a master, and his brother also had a ship. The mate hailed from Schleswig. Though young, he had been pretty much all over the world, and with his eyes open. On this "voyage" he was reading the "Philosophy of Deism," which I thought would make pretty good ballast. The second mate was a "Maine man;" and in the crew were a Long Islander—called the "Torchlighter" because he told gruesome tales of ships being lured on the south shore by false lights—a German, and two Norwegians besides the boy who didn't know enough to keep to the lee rail when coming aft for his trick at the wheel.

The steward was a "whitewashed Yankee"—an Irishman of about sixty-five years, fifty-five of which he had been to sea, "an' never had no cook to coax me up," an expression he was fond of using when the sailors growled over what came from the galley. He had been in all ocean disasters you could mention, even when they had occurred simultaneously in widely distant parts of the world. Owing to his remarkable experiences (as related by himself), the "Maine man" sometimes referred to him affectionately as "Old Sindbad."

We had "Cape Cod turkey" and "swarm-seed"—salt fish and rice—for supper. After the steward had helped us he remarked:

"Them sailors must ha' been brought up with Queen Victoria, they're so dainty. They wants quail on toast."

"Don't give them any, Doctor," said the Captain, quietly, "because they're not in season."

When the steward had left, the Captain added: "Sailors like to growl. They tell a story of an English captain who offered his hands before the mast three pounds a month and no growl, or two pounds and their growl. They all chose two pounds and a growl, with one exception—and within a week he was growling because he hadn't."

When we came on deck after supper a haze hid the land from sight. They were just hauling the lead.

"Fifteen fathoms!" sang out the second mate.

"Enough to stand up in and drink," was the Captain's quiet comment as he gave the course.

Glancing amidships, I saw the steward sitting at the head of the galley companionway. He had a bald pate, and sparse tangled shreds of hair about the ears, while two teeth, one in either corner, protruded like tusks. He looked like a sea-lion, and whenever I saw him emerging from the galley he reminded me of one of these aquatic mammals bobbing up through a hole in the ice.

As I joined him he had a pan of dried peas between his knees, and was sifting them for the morrow's porridge. Evidently everything about that porridge was to be as spick and span as everything else about the ship. For not a speck of dust escaped the "Commodore's" sharp eyes. I fell to talking with him. He told me that his experience as a seafarer dated back so far that he could remember when, in tacking off shore, they put tallow candles in the binnacle, allowing one candle and a half to burn out for the off-shore, but only one for the in-shore, tack. This was to avoid standing in too close to land. He further informed me that this expedient was resorted to because at that time clocks had not been invented. When I suggested to him that some people dated the invention of the clock as far back as Archimedes, he simply remarked, "Well, sir, I've been to sea a great many years."

He contributed an item to Napoleonic history which will be of interest to all students of that epoch. When he touched at St. Helena in one of his voyages, an American bark had sent her crew ashore with some large casks for water. As the casks were being taken off, an English sentinel chanced to strike one of them with the butt of his musket. It gave forth a hollow sound, and, his suspicions being aroused, it was broken open. Crouching in the cask was the great Napoleon, endeavoring in this manner to escape aboard the bark. The steward told this story with great earnestness. The fact, to which I called his attention, that he had not touched at St. Helena until late in the thirties, while Napoleon had died in the early twenties, made no impression upon the good man.

He deliberately turned from the great Napoleon to the subject of provisions, told me that mess-beef was called "salt-horse," that it came out of the "harness-cask," and that, when cut in cold slices, it was dubbed by sailors "mahogany." He showed me some slices, and I agreed with the sailors. American coasting crews, he said, were "daintier"—that was his favorite word—than any Jack tars the world over. They despised "scouse," and even turned up their noses at a "three-decker," which, I found, consisted of onions, meat, and potatoes in three separate layers. Anyhow, he was glad there was no legal "scale" of provisions prescribed for coasters, otherwise you'd have to "reconcile wid de crew" or "give 'em de regular whack," whereas now a captain could consult his own tastes. He had been in deep-water vessels of various nationalities, and knew the "scales." The English and American "pounds and points"—the latter being sailor for pints—were about alike: one pound of "Liverpool pantiles" (hard tack) that sometimes you had to split with a hammer, half an ounce of coffee, and three quarts of water (for cooking and washing) every day; beef, one and a half pounds four times a week, and pork, one and one-quarter pounds three times. The "points" consisted of one-eighth of a pint of peas twice a week; the allowance of sugar, of fourteen ounces a week. He had had experience in Scotch ships with their oatmeal "poultice," their weekly "banyan day," generally Saturday, when the whole ship was put on rice; and their "barley grout" (a thick soup) on Wednes-

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day, and sometimes an allowance of whisky at noon, for which, however, the captain "stopped the lime-juice." Italian, Spanish, and French ships served wine, and Denmark had the repute of having established the most liberal "scale." But he reiterated his belief that no crews lived "daintier" than the American coasters, because they made port often enough to keep the provisions fresh, and the captains were accustomed to good living at home.

The steward had finished sifting the peas at St. Helena, and it was now well into the night. The haze had lifted somewhat, and we could see the lights of Winterquarter Lightship like two blurred eyes peering at us from the direction of Chincoteague.

It was the mate's watch, and when I went aft I found the German sailor at the wheel. The mate chanced to mention that down in the trades a ship's course could be laid by the wind, it blew so evenly from one direction, and the sailor at the wheel added that he had steered by the stars for lack of binnacle lights, the ship being short of oil. About once an hour they struck a match and looked at the compass "to see if the star had moved any." They had all been "off-shore;" they were all deep-water fellows on board this coaster, and from the Captain down they agreed that it required more skill to navigate a picayune two-hundred-ton schooner along the rocky coast of Maine in a snow-storm than to take a six-topsail-yard ship to the East Indies.

I asked if coasters didn't sometimes take involuntarily to deep water—get blown off in a heavy gale. The mate told me to turn to our log of the previous winter, where I would find a voyage during which our vessel had been blown half-way across the Atlantic and back, a voyage in which the port of destination was not made at all, the vessel having been given up as lost with all hands.

Fortunately, such was not the case on this voyage. For next morning, after doing justice to the steward's "alligator flippers" (codfish tongues and sounds) and listening to his growl about "claw-hammer sailors" (he very justly lamented the disappearance of the old-time sailor costume), I went on deck and found we were well up in Delaware Bay, and when the steward's clock struck eleven we had dropped anchor.

The steward's clock was a remarkable timepiece. It struck the hour with the rapidity of a Gatling gun. At noon and midnight it simply discharged twelve rounds with lightning celerity. It never agreed with the ship's timepiece, which, for instance, said half-past twelve when anchor was dropped. I called the steward's attention to this discrepancy, but he was not disconcerted.

"That there clock," he said, "shifts wid de wind. It must ha' lost headway durin' the camm we had off de capes o' the Delaware."

When I left the ship he was sifting peas.

Character-Grafting

By James Buckham

"You can't do anything with my boy," said a discouraged father to the principal of a well-known boys' school. "I have tried everything under heaven, to no purpose. The trouble is, he has a bad disposition, and no amount of discipline will drive it out of him."

"I don't want to drive anything out of him," was the quiet reply. "What I want to do is to take the boy's original disposition for my parent stock, and graft on it the virtues which it is most likely to nourish. Let me have your boy for a couple of years, and see if I can't bring some good fruit out of him." It is hardly necessary to add that, under the influence of such a man, the good fruit was forthcoming in less than two years' time.

The principle was one which is often overlooked in character-building. The general impression seems to be that nature settles some things morally, as well as physically; that if she gives a child what is called a bad disposition, it is as hopeless to try to change it as it is to attempt to correct a consumptive tendency or a weakness of the spine. As a matter of fact, the two things are very different. A so-called bad disposition is generally an evidence of moral strength perverted and misdirected. It is a savor of life, and not a savor of death. There are certain virtues that can easily be grafted upon the vigorous stalk of original disposition. Suppose a boy seems hopelessly self-willed and obstinate. Here is the proper stem on which to graft virtues of the heroic order—moral bravery and fidelity, courage of conviction, strength of purpose. Let him be passionate, hot-headed, uncontrollable. Such a disposition as this is a source of nourishment for all the aggressive virtues—indignation at moral meannesses, the power of leadership, the bravery and devotion that do not fail in emergencies.

Even a disposition that is accounted mean, small, and sneaking may be utilized in this process of character-grafting. The psychologists have traced many moral faults and vices to the excess of certain virtues. Cowardice, they tell us, is an excess of caution; anger is moral judgment overwhelming moral reason. So meanness and smallness of character may spring from excessive self-depreciation—may be simply too much of the very quality that makes modesty and deference, obedience and trust.

Looking at the matter in this light, it is quite possible to take a person of small and mean disposition, and develop in him a character of rare sweetness and tractability. His moral tendencies are all in the line of what may be called the negative virtues, those of a more feminine or childlike character; and it should be comparatively easy to cultivate in him such virtues. He is mean and small simply because his moral tendencies have developed on the wrong side, the vicious side. Start them the other way, and they will flower into the corresponding virtues.

Would it not be well for Sunday-school teachers, especially, to try the practical working of this theory in certain cases under their charge? Let them appeal to each individual pupil on the side where he is most open to appeal. Do not give him the idea that you want to reform him, but that you want to develop him. Engraft upon his natural disposition the virtues most congenial to him by reason of that disposition. At the outset, let symmetry of character go. That will come in due time, as moral growth necessitates the rounding out of the inner life. Keep the grafting principle firmly in mind. Remember that no natural disposition is so bad that it cannot be *evolved* out of its badness. Sooner or later, the good that is in every heart must respond to the intelligent effort to draw it out.

A Misfit Somewhere

By Fanny Gwen Ford

Much as has been the improvement in methods of education the last few years, much betterment still remains to be done. Tangents are such easy digressions in the rapid progress of to-day that the "all round" has yet to be achieved in our educational movements.

Overpressure continues in many instances the bane of our girls' and boys' training; especially the former, for the latter have a certain elasticity of rebound and a power of healthy non-absorption, with an optimistic faith that all will be right in the end, lacking in the average girl. Then, also, as cases of high-pressure are found almost universally in our special technical trainings, and girls are pushing to the fore in all industries, with small experience, they bear in this way a larger share of the strain. There is, besides, even in this philosophical age, such a thing as over-conscientious work, and the girl worker in a successful training course has very often to learn that there is more development sometimes in judicious slighting, where the demand is beyond her average capabilities, than in overdoing; and that it is not so much the standing in special examinations which is going to count when she gets out into practical work on her own responsibility, as the general intelligent grasp of a subject, habits of ready concentration, with skill and originality in application.

To realize that there is truth in the above statements, and that something is wrong either in the workers or the plan of work, one has but to note the anxious, careworn

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look of the majority of girls during a year or two of technical training for some, it is hoped, congenial work.

A sensible, healthy girl, who considered that in her case discretion was the better part of valor, remarked ruefully of some fellow-students in an ambitious art class, who were straining every nerve to attain a certain standing, that they could scarcely be looked at without bursting into tears! So much for the state of nervous excitability attendant on over-persistent work.

It was also confidentially told by a little, wearied-out member of a kindergarten training class that she and some of her companions in labor could not sleep at night because of the demand upon them for original methods or designs in the interlacing of various colored strips of paper, and for which they had no time to spare during the routine of the day.

It is also a fact that most, or at least a large per cent., of the intelligently able students in a library training class gave most of their Sundays in the busy time of the winter season to the preparation of the work asked of them, in which they could never "catch up" satisfactorily during the week-days.

To all these martyrs of "misfit somewhere" may be added two able-minded, able-bodied girls who always speak of some years they gave to special technical work in training for teachers as a sort of nightmare existence in which they were always trying to accomplish something and never succeeded, from pure mental and physical inability to reach the standard apparently expected of them.

It seems wise, in the face of such facts, that every thoughtful mother and prudent daughter should consider well any proposed training work the latter contemplates for the coming year; and with this consideration should be taken, if practicable, the advice of some person who has been through the proposed course and has since made a success in practical work.

At present it seems to me that a technical course means for a girl, who has probably been steadily at school or college since childhood, a giving up of most of the recreations which come naturally to maturer girlhood; it also means in many cases that she is to be the bond-slave to an enthralling work, without the daily satisfactory feeling of "something accomplished, something done" which earns the night's repose. Life becomes a breathless state of trying to "catch up," and, the demand being so much greater than the supply she has ready, a constant borrowing goes on from brain and nerve and physical force, with many unredeemable promises to pay at some unattainable time.

In considering the matter one sees that one cause of this illogical state of things is the mistake often made in undertaking work for which one is not fully prepared by previous study and training. This fact has been wisely appreciated by the faculty of a certain college where girls are under practical training for teachers. They have found that much disheartening effort, as well as mental and physical exhaustion, can be avoided by raising the requirements in entrance examinations. This, of course, lessens the number of students at first in a class, and rebuffs for the time being the enthusiastically well-intentioned, though unequipped, aspirant. But these matters adjust themselves as time goes on, and real success is to be achieved only by such a method. That there is some fault in the plan of work as well as the worker is sometimes evident to an observing outsider. As a critic I find often too much detail work expected in a specified time. Really unimportant matters are given undue prominence by being made requirements, and the conscientious student often devotes an unwise amount of time to such work. The taking of notes, which is always more or less of a labor, need not be required in many cases where the subject would naturally unfold itself to an intelligent, well-trained pupil when she enters the field of practical work in the outside world. The methods that would suggest themselves to her might not be exactly the ones taught in her technical course, but would probably be the best for her individual work and serve the purpose more practically. In this *fin de siècle* time of labor-saving inventiveness, why not have some clever technical trainers and would-be trained who will appreciate brain-saving as worthy to be ranked among the modern improvements, if the object to be reached can be as successfully attained!

A Piece of Possible History[1]

By Edward Everett Hale

A summer bivouac had collected together a little troop of soldiers from Joppa, under the shelter of a grove, where they had spread their sheepskins, tethered their horses, and pitched a single tent. With the carelessness of soldiers, they were chatting away the time till sleep might come and help them to to-morrow with its chances—perhaps of fight, perhaps of another day of this camp indolence. Below the garden slope where they were lounging, the rapid torrent of Kishon ran brawling along. A full moon was rising above the rough edge of the eastern hills, and the whole scene was alive with the loveliness of an Eastern landscape.

As they talked together, the strains of a harp came borne down the stream by the wind, mingling with the rippling of the brook.

"The boys were right," said the captain of the little company. "They asked leave to go up the stream to spend their evening with the Carmel men; and said that they had there a harper who would sing and play for them."

"Singing at night, and fighting in the morning! It is the true soldier's life," said another.

"Who have they there?" asked a third.

"One of those Ziklag men," replied the chief. 'He came into camp a few days ago, seems to be an old favorite of the King's, and is posted with his men by the old tomb on the edge of the hill. If you cross the brook, he is not far from the Carmel Post, and some of his young men have made acquaintance there."

"One is not a soldier for nothing. If we make enemies at sight, we make friends at sight, too."

"Echish, here, says that the harper is a Jew."

"What!—a deserter?"

"I do not know that; that is the King's lookout. Their company came up a week ago, were reviewed the day I was on guard at the outposts, and they had this post I tell you of assigned to them. So the King is satisfied; and if he is, I am."

"Jew or Gentile, Jehovah's man or Dagon's man," said one of the younger soldiers, with a half-irreverent tone, "I wish we had him here to sing to us."

"And to keep us awake," yawned another.

"Or to keep us from thinking of to-morrow," said a third.

"Can nobody sing here, or play, or tell an old-time story?"

There was nobody. The only two soldiers of the post who affected musical skill were the two who had gone up to the Carmelites' bivouac; and the little company of Joppa—catching louder notes and louder, as the bard's inspiration carried him farther and farther away—crept as far up the stream as the limits of their station would permit, and lay, without noise, to catch, as they best could, the rich tones of the music as it swept down the valley.

Soothed by the sound, and by the moonlight, and by the summer breeze, they were just in mood to welcome the first interruption which broke the quiet of the night. It was the approach of one of their company, who had been detached to Accho a day or two before, and who came hurrying in to announce the speedy arrival of companions, for whom he bespoke a welcome. Just as they were to leave Accho, he said, that day, on their return to camp, an Ionian trading-vessel had entered port. He and his fellow-soldiers had waited to help her moor, and had been chatting with her seamen. They had told them of the chance of battle to which they were returning; and two or three of the younger Ionians, enchanted at the relief from the sea's imprisonment, had begged them to let them volunteer in company with them. These men had come up into the

[1] First printed in 1851, and now reprinted by request and with the author's consent.

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country with the soldiers, therefore, and he who had broken the silence of the listeners to the distant serenade had hurried on to tell his comrades that such visitors were on their way.

They soon appeared on foot, but hardly burdened by the light packs they bore.

A soldier's welcome soon made the Ionian sailors as much at home with the men of the bivouac as they had been through the day with the detachment from the seaboard. A few minutes were enough to draw out sheepskins for them to lie upon, a skin of wine for their thirst, a bunch of raisins and some oat-cakes for their hunger; a few minutes more had told the news which each party asked from the other, and then these sons of the sea and these war-bronzed Philistines were as much at ease with each other as if they had served under the same sky for years.

"We were listening to music," said the old chief, "when you came up. Some of our young men have gone up, indeed, to the picket yonder to hear the harper sing, whose voice you catch sometimes when we are not speaking."

"You find the Muses in the midst of arms, then," said one of the young Ionians.

"Muses?" said the old Philistine, laughing. "That sounds like you Greeks. Ah! sir, in our rocks here we have few enough Muses, but those who carry these lances or teach us how to trade with the islands for tin."

"That's not quite fair," cried another. "The youngsters who are gone sing well, and one of them has a harp I should be glad you should see. He made it himself from a gnarled olive-root." And he turned to look for it.

"You'll not find it in the tent—the boy took it with him. They hoped that Ziklag minstrel might ask them to sing, I suppose."

"A harp of olive-wood," said the Ionian, "seems Muse-born and Pallas-blessed."

And, as he spoke, one of the newcomers of the Philistines leaned over and whispered to the chief: "He is a bard himself, and we made him promise to sing to us. I brought his harp with me that he might cheer up our bivouac. Pray, do you ask him."

The old chief needed no persuasion, and the eyes of the whole force brightened as they found they had a minstrel "of their own" now, when the old man pressed the young Ionian courteously to let them hear him: "I told you, sir, that we had no Muses of our own, but we welcome all the more those who come to us from over seas."

Homer smiled; for it was Homer whom he spoke to—Homer still in the freshness of his unblinded youth. He took the harp which the young Philistine handed to him, thrummed upon its chords, and, as he tuned them, said: "I have no harp of olive-wood; we cut this out—it was years ago—from an old oleander in the marshes behind Colophon. What will you hear, gentlemen?"

"The poet chooses for himself," said the courtly old captain.

"Let me sing you, then, of *the Olive Harp*," and he struck the chords in a gentle, quieting harmony, which attuned itself to his own spirit, pleased as he was to find music and harmony and the olive of peace in the midst of the rough bivouac, where he had come up to look for war.

But he was destined to be disappointed. Just as his prelude closed, one of the young soldiers turned upon his elbow and whispered contemptuously to his neighbor: "Always *olives*, always *peace*—that's all your music's good for!"

The boy spoke too loud, and Homer caught the discontented tone and words with an ear quicker than the speaker had given him credit for. He ended the prelude with a sudden crash on the strings, and said, shortly, "And what is better to sing of than the olive?"

The more courteous Philistines looked sternly on the young soldier; but he had gone too far to be frightened, and he flashed back: "War is better. My broadsword is better. If I could sing, I would sing to your Ares; we call him Mars!"

Homer smiled gravely. "Let it be so," said he, and, in a lower tone, to the captain, who was troubled at the breach of courtesy, he added, "Let the boy see what war and Mars are for."

He struck another prelude and began. Then it was that Homer composed his "Hymn to Mars." In wild measure and impetuous, he swept along through the list of Mars's titles and attributes; then his key changed, and his hearers listened more intently, more solemnly, as, in a graver strain, with slower music and an almost awed dignity of voice, the bard went on:

"Helper of mortals, hear!
As thy fires give
The present boldnesses that strive
In youth for honor;
So would I likewise wish to have the power
To keep off from my head thy bitter hour,
And quench the false fire of my soul's low kind,
By the fit ruling of my highest mind!
Control that sting of wealth
That stirs me on still to the horrid scath
Of hideous battle!

Do thou, O ever blessed! give me still
Presence of mind to put in act my will,
Whate'er the occasion be;
And so to live, unforced by any fear,
Beneath those laws of peace that never are
Affected with pollutions popular
Of unjust injury,
As to bear safe the burden of hard fates,
Of foes inflexive, and inhuman hates!"

The tones died away; the company was hushed for a moment, and the old chief then said, gravely, to his petulant follower: "That is what *men* fight for, boy." But the boy did not need the counsel. Homer's manner, his voice, the music itself, the spirit of the song, as much as the words, had overcome him, and the boasting soldier was covering his tears with his hands.

Homer felt at once (the prince of gentlemen he) that the little outbreak, and the rebuke of it, had jarred the ease of their unexpected meeting. How blessed is the presence of mind with which the musician of real genius passes from song to song, "whate'er the occasion be"! With the ease of genius he changed the tone of his melody again, and sang his own hymn, "To Earth, the Mother of all."

The triumphant strain is one which harmonizes with every sentiment; and he commanded instantly the rapt attention of the circle. So engrossed was he that he did not seem to observe, as he sang, an addition to their company of some soldiers from above in the valley, just as he entered on the passage:

"Happy, then, are they
Whom thou, O great in reverence!
Are bent to honor. They shall all things find
In all abundance! All their pastures yield
Herds in all plenty. All their roofs are filled
With rich possessions.
High happiness and wealth attend them,
While, with laws well ordered, they
Cities of happy households sway;
And their sons exult in the pleasure of youth,
And their daughters dance with the flower-decked girls,
Who play among the flowers of summer!
Such are the honors thy full hands divide;
Mother of Gods and starry Heaven's bride!"[1]

A buzz of pleasure and a smile ran round the circle, in which the newcomers joined. They were the soldiers who had been to hear and join the music at the Carmel men's post. The tones of Homer's harp had tempted them to return, and they had brought with them the Hebrew minstrel, to whom they had been listening. It was the outlaw David, of Bethlehem Ephrata.

David had listened to Homer more intently than any one, and, as the pleased applause subsided, the eyes of the circle gathered upon him, and the manner of all showed that they expected him, in minstrel fashion, to take up the same strain.

He accepted the implied invitation, played a short pre-

[1] After Chapman.

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lude, and, taking Homer's suggestion of topic, sang in parallel with it:

"I will sing a new song unto thee, O God!
Upon psaltery and harp will I sing praise to thee.
Thou art He that giveth salvation to kings,
That delivereth David, thy servant, from the sword.
Rid me and save me from those who speak vanity,
Whose right hand is a right hand of falsehood—
That our sons may be as plants in fresh youth;
That our daughters may be as corner-stones—
The polished stones of our palaces;
That our garners may be full with all manner of store;
That our sheep may bring forth thousands and ten thousands in the way;
That there may be no cry nor complaint in our streets.
Happy is the people that is in such a case;
Yea, happy is the people whose God is the Lord!"

The melody was triumphant, and the enthusiastic manner yet more so. The Philistines listened, delighted—too careless of religion they, indeed, not to be catholic in presence of religious enthusiasm; and Homer wore the exalted expression which his face seldom wore. For the first time since his childhood Homer felt that he was not alone in the world!

Who shall venture to tell what passed between the two minstrels, when Homer, leaving his couch, crossed the circle at once, flung himself on the ground by David's side, gave him his hand, when they looked each other in the face and sank down into the rapid murmuring of talk, which constant gesture illustrated but did not fully explain to the rough men around them? They respected the poets' colloquy for a while, but then, eager again to hear one harp or the other, they persuaded one of the Ionian sailors to ask Homer again to sing to them.

It was hard to persuade Homer. He shook his head, and turned back to the soldier-poet.

"What should *I* sing?" he said.

They did not enter into his notion—hearers will not always. And so, taking his question literally, they replied, "Sing? Sing us of the snow-storm, the storm of stones, of which you sang at noon."

Poor Homer! It was easier to do it than to be pressed to do it, and he struck his harp again:

"It was as when, some wintry day, to men
Jove would, in might, his sharp artillery show,
He wills his winds to sleep, and over plain
And mountains pours, in countless flakes, his snow.
Deep it conceals the rocky cliffs and hills,
Then covers all the blooming meadows o'er,
All the rich monuments of mortals' skill,
All ports and rocks that break the ocean's shore.
Rock, haven, plain, are buried by its fall;
But the near wave, unchanging, drinks it all.
So, while these stony tempests veil the skies,
While this on Greeks, and that on Trojans flies,
The walls unchanged above the clamor rise." [1]

The men looked round upon David, whose expression, as he returned the glance, showed that he had enjoyed the fragment as well as they. But when they still looked expectant, he did not decline the unspoken invitation, but, taking Homer's harp, sang, as if the words were familiar to him:

"He giveth snow like wool;
He scattereth the hoar-frost like ashes;
He casteth forth his ice like morsels;
Who can stand before his cold?
He sendeth forth his word, and melteth them;
He causeth his wind to blow, and the waters flow."

"Always this '*He*,'" said one of the young soldiers to another.

"Yes," he replied; "and it was so in the beginning of the evening, when we were above there."

"There is a strange difference between the two men, though the one plays as well as the other, and the Greek speaks with quite as little foreign accent as the Jew, and their subjects are the same."

"Yes," said the young Philistine harper; "if the Greek should sing one of the Hebrew's songs, you would know he had borrowed it in a moment."

"And so, if it were the other way."

"Of course," said their old captain, joining in this conversation. "Homer, if you call him so, sings the thing made; David sings the maker. Or, rather, Homer thinks of the thing made, David thinks of the maker, whatever they sing."

"I was going to say that Homer would sing of cities, and David of the life in them."

"It is not what they say so much, as the way they look at it. The Greek sees the outside—the beauty of the thing; the Hebrew—"

"Hush!"

For David and his new friend had been talking, too. Homer had told him of the storm at sea they met a few days before; and David, I think, had spoken of a mountain tornado, as he met it years before. In the excitement of his narrative he struck the harp, which was still in his hand, and sung:

"Then the earth shook and trembled,
The foundations of the hills moved and were shaken,
Because He was wroth;
There went up a smoke out of his nostrils,
And fire out of his mouth devoured;
It burned with living coal.
He bowed the heavens also, and came down,
And darkness was under his feet;
He rode upon a cherub and did fly,
Yea, he did fly upon the wings of the wind.
He made darkness his resting-place,
His pavilion were dark waters and clouds of the skies;
At the brightness before him his clouds passed by,
Hailstones and coals of fire.
The Lord also thundered in the heavens,
And the highest gave his voice;
Hailstones and coals of fire.
Yea, he sent out his arrows, and scattered them,
And he shot out his lightnings, and discomfited them.
Then the channels of waters were seen,
And the foundations of the world were made known,
At thy rebuke, O Lord!
At the blast of the breath of thy nostrils.
He sent from above, he took me,
He drew me out of many waters."

"Mine were but a few verses," said Homer. "I am more than repaid by yours. Imagine Neptune, our sea-god, looking on a battle:

"There he sat, high, retired from the seas;
There looked with pity on his Grecians beaten;
There burned with rage at the god-king who slew them.
Then he rushed forward from the rugged mountains,
Quickly descending;
He bent the forests also as he came down,
And the high cliffs shook under his feet.
Three times he trod upon them,
And with his fourth step reached the home he sought for.

There was his palace, in the deep waters of the seas,
Shining with gold, and builded forever.
There he yoked him his swift-footed horses;
Their hoofs are brazen, and their manes are golden.
He binds them with golden thongs,
He seizes his golden goad,
He mounts upon his chariot, and doth fly:
Yes! he drives them forth into the waves!
And the whales rise under him from the depths,
For they know he is their king;
And the glad sea is divided into parts,
That his steeds may fly along quickly;
And his brazen axle passes dry between the waves.
So, bounding fast, they bring him to his Grecians." [1]

And the poets sank again into talk.

"You see it," said the old Philistine. "He paints the picture. David sings the life of the picture."

"Yes: Homer sees what he sings; David feels his song."

"Homer's is perfect in its description."

"Yes; but for life, for the soul of the description, you need the Hebrew."

"Homer might be blind, and, with that fancy and word-

[1] After Cowper and Pope. Long after!

[1] Iliad, vi.

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painting power of his, and his study of everything new, he would paint pictures as he sang, though unseen."

"Yes," said another. "But David—" And he paused.

"But David?" asked the chief.

"I was going to say that he might be blind, deaf, imprisoned, exiled, sick, or all alone, and that yet he would never know he was alone, feeling as he does, as he must, to sing so, of the presence of this Lord of his!"

"He does not think of a snowflake but as sent from him."

"While the snowflake is reminding Homer of that hard, worrying, slinging work of battle. He must have seen fight himself."

They were hushed again. For though they no longer dared ask the poets to sing to them—so engrossed were they in each other's society—the soldiers were hardly losers from this modest courtesy. For the poets were constantly arousing each other to strike a chord or to sing some snatch of remembered song. And so it was that Homer, *à propos* of I do not know what, sang in a sad tone:

"Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground:
Another race the following spring supplies;
They fall successive, and successive rise.
So generations in their course decay,
So flourish these, when those have passed away."[1]

David waited for a change in the strain; but Homer stopped. The young Hebrew asked him to go on, but Homer said that the passage which followed was mere narrative—from a long narrative poem. David looked surprised that his new friend had not pointed a moral as he sang, and said, simply, "We sing that thus:

"As for man, his days are as grass;
As a flower of the field, so he flourisheth;
For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone,
And the place thereof shall know it no more.
But the mercy of the Lord
Is from everlasting to everlasting
Of them that fear him;
And his righteousness
Unto children's children,
To such as keep his covenant,
As remember his commandments to do them!"

Homer's face flashed delight. "I, like you, 'keep his covenant,'" he cried, and then, without a lyre, for his was still in David's hands, he sang, in clear tone:

"Thou bid'st me birds obey;—I scorn their flight,
If on the left they rise, or on the right!
Heed them who may, the will of Jove I own,
Who mortals and immortals rules alone!"[2]

"That is more in David's key," said the young Philistine harper, seeing that the poets had fallen to talk together again. "But how would it sound in one of the hymns on one of our feast-days?

"Who mortals and immortals rules alone."

"How, indeed?" cried one of his young companions. "There would be more sense in what the priests say and sing, if each were not quarreling for his own—Dagon against Astarte, and Astarte against Dagon.

The old captain bent over, that the poets might not hear him, and whispered: "There it is that the Hebrews have so much more heart than we in such things. Miserable fellows though they are, so many of them, yet, when I have gone through their whole land with the caravans, the chances have been that any serious-minded man spoke of no God but this '*He*' of David's."

"What is his name?"

"They do not know themselves, I believe."

"Well, as I said an hour ago, God's man or Dagon's man—for those are good names enough for me—I care little, but I should like to sing as that young fellow does."

"My boy," said the old man, "have not you heard him enough to see that it is not *he* that sings, near as much as this love of his for a Spirit he does not name? It is that spirited heart of his that sings."

"*You* sing like him? Find his life, boy, and perhaps it may sing for you."

"We should be more manly men if he sang to us every night."

"Or if the other did," said an Ionian sailor.

"Yes," said the chief. "And yet I think, if your countryman sang every night to me he would make me want the other. Whether David's singing would send me to his, I do not feel sure. But how silly to compare them! As well compare the temple in Accho with the roar of a whirlwind—"

"Or the point of my lance with the flight of an eagle. The men are in two worlds."

"Oh, no! that is saying too much. You said that one could paint pictures—"

"—Into which the other puts life. Yes, I did say so. We are fortunate that we have them together."

"For this man sings of men quite as well as the other does, and to have the other sing of God—"

"—Why, it completes the song. Between them they bring the two worlds together."

"He bows the heavens and comes down," said the boy of the olive harp, trying to hum David's air.

"Let us ask them—"

And just then there rang along the valley the sound of a distant conch-shell. The soldiers groaned, roused up, and each looked for his own side-arms and his own skin.

But the poets talked on unheeding.

The old chief knocked down a stack of lances, but the crash did not rouse them. He was obliged himself to interrupt their eager converse.

"I am sorry to break in, but the night-horn has sounded to rest, and the guard will be round to inspect the post. I am sorry to hurry you away, sir," he said to David.

David thanked him courteously.

"Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest," said Homer, with a smile.

"We will all meet to-morrow. And may to-night's dreams be good omens!"

"If we dream at all," said Homer again:

"Without a sign his sword the brave man draws,
And asks no omen but his country's cause."

They were all standing together, as he made this careless reply to the captain; and one of the young men drew him aside, and whispered that David was in arms against his country.

Homer was troubled that he had spoken as he did. But the young Jew looked little as if he needed sympathy. He saw the doubt and regret which hung over their kindly faces; told them not to fear for him; singing, as he bade them good-night, and with one of the Carmel men walked home to his own outpost:

"The Lord who delivered me from the paw of the lion,
The Lord who delivered me from the paw of the bear,
He will deliver me."

And he smiled to think how his Carmelite companion would start if he knew when first he used those words.

So they parted, as men who should meet on the morrow. But God disposes.

David had left to-morrow's dangers for to-morrow to care for. It seemed to promise him that he must be in arms against Saul. But, unlike us in our eagerness to anticipate our conflicts of duty, David *waited*.

And the Lord delivered him. While they were singing by the brookside, the proud noblemen of the Philistine army had forced an interview with their king; and, in true native Philistine arrogance, insisted that "this Hebrew" and his men should be sent away.

With the light of morning the king sent for the minstrel, and courteously dismissed him, because "the princes of the Philistines have said, 'He shall not go up with us to the battle.'"

So David marched his men to Ziklag.

And David and Homer never met on earth again.

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[1] Iliad, vi.—Pope.
[2] Iliad, xii., after Sotheby.

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Books and Authors

The Empire of the Czar [1]

It is with satisfaction that we announce the completion of Madame Ragozin's important labor in translating M. Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu's great work, "The Empire of the Tsars and the Russians." The first volume describes "The Country and its Inhabitants," the second "The Institutions," and the third "The Religion," of the people of Russia. Mrs. Janet Ross, in the May number of the "Cosmopolis," tells us how Barthèlemy St. Hilaire had urged upon her the translation of this great work, which at the time of his letter, 1891, was appearing in France and attracting the most favorable notice. M. Leroy-Beaulieu, the author of this monumental work—for it is nothing less—spent many years in Russia preparing himself and collecting material for its composition. M. St. Hilaire remarks: "The public ought to have their eyes always wide open upon Russia; her vast designs may begin to realize sooner than we think. Perhaps God has reserved for this Macedonian-Slav the dominion of the Græco-Roman Empire of the West." Whoever has acquainted himself with European politics during the last twenty years will not deny the assertion of the author that the Tsar is "the self-constituted warder of the peace of the world." The French came to a lively sense of this after their embroilment with Germany.

The wide plains of Russia are in favor of political unity. Many are the races that cover them, but by comparing the ethnographical map of the ninth century with that of the nineteenth, it will be perceived that a rapid fusion of tribes is going on. There are three main elements of the population—the Finn, the Tatar, and the Slav; the latter is absorbing the two former. This "Russification" is not compulsory, but is none the less inevitable; and, as perhaps one of the obscure causes of this facile process of racial amalgamation, the translator, in a note, calls attention to the affinity of the primitive German and the primitive Slav. The Tatars have resisted the religious influences of the Slav, but have succumbed to the social influence, so that they are no more troublesome subjects than the Finns. The climate is inimical to habits of cleanliness among the poor; it also incites to intemperance. The Oriental character of the people, the despotism of nature and the government, have given rise to a general spirit of mystic realism. The best exponent of the temper is not Bakùnin, the most notorious founder of militant nihilism, but Tchernyshèfsky, whose famous novel, "What is to be Done?" sums up all the unrest, all the political and religious mysticism, that is boiling in the hearts of the Russian people. "This people," says M. Leroy-Beaulieu, "so often accused of passiveness and intellectual torpor, is shown to us capable of energy and initiative, of sincere and active enthusiasm, capable of devotion to ideas." The traditions of the past have little power over the Russian imagination. They live for the future, or for the present. Not only in their religion, but in their politics, there is ever and anon an appearance of sound sense queerly mingling with their vagaries. It is possible that these people who are living so rapidly their national life will have a briefer nonage than most nations. They will mature sooner than the races of the past. The reason why they have no past is the Mongol invasion of the thirteenth century; this, in the words of this book, "snapped the thread of Russia's destinies." Sienkiewicz, the great novelist, gives one an idea of the horrors of that period. St. Alexander Nevsky, the Russian St. Louis, is the symbol of that epoch. The effect of this alien domination was similar to that upon the kingdoms of Spain. For one thing, it intensified their religious faith to the point of intolerance, of fanaticism.

The social hierarchy of Russia is the most minutely graded in the modern world. It is a bourgeois aristocracy. The emancipation of the serfs unsettled its foundation. The political ferment in the Russia of to-day is due to this premature humane ukase. The reforms of the past have been put in force by the autocrats. The day for that is almost ended. Russia, to reform sanely, must in the future reform herself. Peter the Great abolished the *boyars*, the old nobles. In their place is the "Table of Ranks," *tchin*—and fourteen of them. It is the old aristocracy under a new name and new conditions—an aristocracy entirely artificial, vulgar, and germane to the bureaucratic institution of the government. The underlying idea is that of Oriental despotism, which laughs at all title but its own. The governmental system of Russia is a compromise between tradition and a fire-new science of politics, the *mir*, the *dvor*, the commune; natural social forms of the people could not be arbitrarily abolished. Hence, in Russia are local self-governments, with elected officers. Also the patriarchal principle of government by the heads of families obtains in villages. The *starosta* or elder is a small autocrat. The history of the *mir* shows that it cannot be regarded as a preparation for popular franchise. In Russia the course of institutions has been always in the direction of the evolution of authority; in western Europe the direction of development has been towards the liberty of the people. In brief, the history of the *mir* may well be studied by our social reformers who advocate communes. Even in the United States communes have tended to abolish the personal liberty of their members. Madame Ragozin in an appendix gives us some account of the voluntary communes, or associations for labor on the plan of social equality and help, called *artel*. She thinks that these will offer full room for free development where the *mir* has failed, but they also will fail, like cooperative associations. It would be impossible to enter upon the minute account of the framework of the Russian Government, as it fills this second volume. It may, however, be noted, in connection with this, that while political crimes are on the rapid increase, common crime remains stationary, advancing only with the increase of the population. There is food for reflection in this. It is an error to suppose that in Russia or anywhere a system of government is imposed upon the people by the Tsar, or any other ambitious autocrat. The Russian venerates the throne; to him it is the foundation of all safety, the safeguard of life and property. If the Nihilists have not succeeded in their efforts to change the Russian social organization, it is because they have gone to work in the wrong way. The Tsar is enthroned upon the will of the Russian people, and not upon tradition, prescription, or guns.

The third volume enters upon the complex matter of the religions of Russia. With a heterogeneous people, pervaded by the leaven of new ideas imperfectly assimilated, and with an enormous burden of folk-faith inherited from many sources in the past, no wonder that Russia is the home of the extremest, the most *bizarre* religious sects. The term *raskòl*, meaning separation, is the generic word for the nonconformist to the Orthodox Church. Our author says: "The *raskòl* is simply Byzantine Christianity colored by the lower layers of the Russian people. In the turbid and muddy waters of the Moscovite sects it is easy to distinguish alien infiltrations, sometimes Protestant and sometimes Jewish, oftener Gnostic or heathen. The *raskòl*, nevertheless, differs from all foreign creeds and confessions, both in its principles and tendencies; it remains an essentially original, uncompromisingly a national thing." The Patriarch Nikon, by revising the office-books of the Church, brought to a head all the pent-up forces of dissent. The Old Believers were separated from the Orthodox Church on the ground that the alterations were heretical. They were slavish literalists, and would not endure the correction of the most manifest blunders that the ignorance of copyists had introduced into the rubrics and prayers of the Church. Underneath this pretense of opposition to the great Patriarch lay the suspicion that he was introducing the culture and ideas of the West. When the *mujik* starts on a train of thought he is consistent, and, moreover, give him his time and he will carry out his argument to its logical conclusion. Hence the multiplicity of sects in Russia, appearing and disappearing as the waves of the ocean. Many are so obscure, and others so horrible, so criminal in their practices, that their existence cannot be known, and only suspected. They have no historical significance, but are interesting to the psychologist. A few years ago there arose in the city of Philadelphia a sect not unlike the *Khlysty*, or flagellants, of Russia, in their doctrines. They also venerated, in fact worshiped, a woman they called Mira Mitta, as the incarnation of the Holy Ghost.

The public of the world is pretty well aware that in this crucible of hot religious dissent, and equally burning orthodoxy, new religious ideas are continually coming into existence. Tolstoï stands as the most notable personality in the world of nascent religious Russian thought. He is not an extremist in his own country and among his own people. From his books it appears how all these new religious problems in Russia take upon them the social and political form. That is the practical side of the Russian. If the *mujik* is a millenarian, his ideal is the dream of a perfect—not world—but Russia.

The Orthodox Church is yet a power in the hearts of the people. The poverty of the "white" or parish clergy, and the separation of the "black" clergy, or monks, from whom all the higher ranks of the hierarchy of the Church are filled, stands in the way of the true growth and moral influence of the Established Church. Then the Orthodox Church will awaken from its spiritual torpor and become a power like the Church of England, or any other national church. Only thus can the polity and theology of the Church of Russia be reformed. That reformation is sure to come, but it ought to come slowly and in a normal fashion, freely and from within. The Russian peasant cannot

[1] *The Empire of the Tsars and the Russians.* By Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu, Member of the Institute of France. Translated from the third French edition, with Annotations, by Zénaïde A. Ragozin. 3 Vols. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $9.

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safely bear the light of new ideas shown to him suddenly in all their brightness.

This book is a great work, and the English version of the work is, by reason of the notes and appendixes, more valuable than the original. Madame Ragozin has done her work admirably; it could not be better. The style is nervous, strong, and striking. In these three volumes we have an exceedingly rich mine of close-packed, maturely and accurately stated information. No other work will take its place, for it is, in good truth, a *magnum opus*.

From Our National Gallery[1]

During the last quarter-century, and especially of late years, a number of portraits have been added to our National gallery by the hand of the historiographer. One of the latest of these is that of Elias Boudinot, who, since the part that he played brought about no great change in the history of his country, has been left almost unnoticed by historians. The collection of letters and speeches that Miss Boudinot, his granddaughter, has edited, lights up for us not only the life of this ardent patriot and philanthropist, but the lives of those men who are better known to us, and with whom he was intimately connected.

A native of New Jersey, one of the storm-centers of the Revolution, and a descendant of a sternly upright and liberty-loving Huguenot, Boudinot threw himself heart and soul into the patriotic struggle. For the greater part of thirty years he served his country in positions of the highest trust as member of the Committee of Correspondence for Essex County, N. J., Deputy to the Provincial Congress and to the Continental Congress, of which he was President during the critical year of 1782–83, Commissary-General of Prisoners, member of the first, second, and third Congresses under the Constitution, and Director of the Mint. It was Boudinot's good fortune to exercise a restraining influence over his fellow-citizens at several points in his life. At the beginning of the Revolution, he says, he regarded the idea of separation from Great Britain "as the generality of People now do the Accounts they read of the Millennium," and on one occasion at least kept his Committee from reporting in favor of independence. When once the struggle was begun, however, British officers who tried to convince him of the propriety of healing the breach found him as incorruptible as the patriotic Joseph Reed, of Pennsylvania, who exclaimed, "I am not worth such purchasing, but, such as I am, the King of Great Britain is not rich enough to do it!"

We find Boudinot as member of Congress a strong Federalist, and his eminent ability as a lawyer is seen in his defense of Hamilton, always his warm friend, and at that time Secretary of the Treasury. Many times we see his statesmanlike disapproval of the passionate, loose-jointed discussions of the House: "Politicians and legislators should not indulge passion." "They should discuss the subject calmly and deliberately." In 1797 he writes: "The Session of Congress has broken up, and has been the least honorable to America of any that has been held." We also learn from Boudinot that they had "Demoniacks" in Congress in those days. This tends to show that discontent with the methods of legislators is not of recent birth, but is perennially fresh.

The years during which Boudinot was actively engaged in the affairs of the Government—"the critical period of American history"—lend added interest to his life. He discusses many of the vital questions of the day—the tariff, finance, slavery, foreign relations, etc. He believed in a low rate of duty, fifteen or twenty per cent., except on rum, which he thought should be taxed as high as there was hope of collecting. His speech in support of the National Bank is instructive as a lesson in the interpretation of the spirit of the Constitution by means of the elastic "general welfare" clause. At the time of Jay's Commercial Treaty, when popular feeling against England ran so high, Boudinot exerted his influence on the side of moderation, showing that we and not Great Britain were at fault for many of the evils we complained of.

Throughout his life a close friend to Washington, he shared many of the noble characteristics of the great General. Like him a home-loving man, Boudinot devoted his time and talents to the service of his country. The letters they exchanged show a close intimacy between the two families. Boudinot's letters to his wife and daughter give us a pleasant picture of his private life, besides many interesting incidents of the war. The description in one of these of Washington's reception in New York is so vivid and full of detail that it was used in planning for that of President Harrison in 1889. As President of Congress, he was allowed a coach and horses at public expense, and we find a most edifying account of his economy when he speaks of getting a second-hand coach with a "crane neck," and of exchanging some of his silver spoons for a "Tea Pott" and "Coffee Pott"—"those necessary pieces of Plate.'

Aside from all his other duties, Boudinot was engaged in many philanthropic enterprises, and was a generous giver. A Trustee of the College of New Jersey, which he liberally endowed, he also assisted in founding the American Bible Society and the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. He was a devoutly Christian man, and it is curious to see how he looked upon the Pennsylvania vote for Jefferson and Burr in the Presidential contest of 1796. That this State, "who values herself on her attachment to the Christian character," should vote for "professed Deists" he regarded as "substantial evidence of our degenerating from the zeal of our forefathers." So, too, he thought of the twenty-seven votes for Chaplain given by the House to Dr. Priestley. He spoke of Priestley, however, from a stranger's point of view, knowing only that he was called a Unitarian. His truly catholic spirit is reflected in a letter to the son of a former friend: "I am satisfied," he writes, "that the grace of God is not confined to sect or party."

The volumes before us contain many valuable papers. As Commissary-General of Prisoners, Boudinot gives us unimpeachable testimony of their outrageous treatment at the hands of the enemy. It was he who, as President of Congress, introduced Washington to that body when the General laid down his commission. Boudinot's memoranda of several important actions during the war enhance our admiration for Washington's military genius. His relations with our foreign Ministers, Adams, Franklin, Jay, Laurens, and Bayard, give us a picture of European affairs at that time and their relation to our own. All these, easily accessible by means of a careful index, make the Memoirs of Elias Boudinot an excellent book of reference for the student of history. At the same time the casual reader will find much, especially of an autobiographical nature, to interest him. The beauty and clearness of the style lend a charm to the whole, while much of the material appeals so warmly to every good citizen, particularly in this year of our Presidential contest, that it might well have been written in 1896 instead of a hundred years ago.

At a time when sectionalism plays so large a part in our politics, Boudinot's words come to us with added weight: "For my part, I consider myself as much the representative of Massachusetts as of New Jersey, and nothing shall prevail on me to injure the interest of one more than the other. . . . In short, the whole Union may be likened to the body and limbs: you cannot aid or comfort one but the other must be likewise benefited."

[1] *The Life, Public Services, Addresses, and Letters of Elias Boudinot, LL.D., President of the Continental Congress.* Edited by J. J. Boudinot. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $6.

The readers of "Beside the Bonnie Brier-Bush" will welcome a new volume from Ian Maclaren (John Watson)—*The Mind of the Master*. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.) It has the appearance of being composed of what were originally sermons. If so, Dr. Watson has one virtue much honored by the laity, that of brevity. One can hardly read these sermons, if such they are, without thinking of "His Mother's Sermon." In this more serious work Ian Maclaren shows himself to be the same simple, earnest, direct teacher of religion that he is known to be by the many friends whom he has made by his incomparable character-sketches. What, for example, could be more beautiful in its simplicity than the following suggested creed, based on the Sermon on the Mount: "No Church since the early centuries has had the courage to formulate an ethical creed, for even those bodies of Christians which have no written theological creeds, yet have implicit affirmations or denials of doctrine as their basis. Imagine a body of Christians who should take their stand on the sermon of Jesus, and conceive their creed on his lines. Imagine how it would read: 'I believe in the Fatherhood of God; I believe in the words of Jesus; I believe in the clean heart; I believe in the service of love; I believe in the unworldly life; I believe in the Beatitudes; I promise to trust God and follow Christ, to forgive my enemies, and to seek after the righteousness of God.' Could any form of words be more elevated, more persuasive, more alluring? Do they not thrill the heart and strengthen the conscience? Liberty of thought is allowed; liberty of sinning is alone denied. Who would refuse to sign this creed? They would come from the east, and the west, and the north, and the south to its call, and even they who would hesitate to bind themselves to a crusade so arduous would admire it, and long to be worthy." This paragraph suggests the more scholarly contrast between Nicene and New Testament theology which Dr. Hatch has made in the Hibbert Lectures. It recalls the affirmation of Dr. Harnack in his "History of Doctrine" that "every dogmatic formula is suspicious because it is fitted to arouse the spirit of religion; it should not, at least, be put before the living experience in order to evoke it; for such a procedure is really the admission of the half-belief which thinks it necessary that the impression made by the person must be supplemented." We cannot but think it is a hopeful augury, full of promise of a revival of true religion, when such an English scholar as Hatch, such a German scholar as Harnack, and such a practical preacher as Watson all agree in this endeavor to carry the Church of

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Christ back from definitions to life, from dogma to a Person, from theology to religion.

New Books

[The books mentioned under this head and under that of Books Received include all received by The Outlook during the week ending September 18. This weekly report of current literature will be supplemented by fuller reviews of the more important works.]

Among the novels of the week we find Paul Bourget's *A Tragic Idyl*, which is decidedly less offensive than his "A Living Lie," published a few weeks ago. The present book is constructed a little after the fashion of "Cosmopolis" in so far as it includes studies of types of several nationalities. M. Bourget's visit to America has had the result of including a family of Americans among these types. The story is, as usual, one of illicit love, and we fail to find anything that justifies the title "Idyl." The study of motives and character is stronger than in most of M. Bourget's recent work. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)——Anthony Hope's *The Heart of the Princess Osra* will please all whom "The Prisoner of Zenda" pleased, and it is needless to say their name is legion. Some of the characters are the same, and the spirit of romance and dash is ever present. The author is not hampered by the possibilities or conventionalities of any particular time or country. His people live in an imaginary land with just enough of modern conditions to keep the tales from being purely fantastical. The stories are among the best of the year. (F. A. Stokes Company, New York.)——From the same publishers comes Mr. Robert Barr's *One Day's Courtship* (witty, clever, but hardly probable) and John Oliver Hobbes's *The Herb-Moon*, in which there is one clear, strong character—the heroine—several weak and ill-defined people, and two or three amusing rustics. Of course they all talk in epigrams.——Mrs. E. W. Brodhead's *One of the Visconti* lacks action and vigor. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)——Miss Edgeworth's *Helen* is added to the edition of her works now being published by the Macmillan Company (New York). It is one of the best of her books, and deserves a wider reading than it has had.——The fact that in many ways Edwin of Northumbria was far in advance of other English rulers of the time of the Heptarchy has led to the conclusion that he must have had instruction from countrymen who visited the Continent. Following this theory, Captain Clements R. Markham has constructed a historical tale, *The Paladins of Edwin the Great*. As a story the volume is rather dull, but there is considerable antiquarian knowledge imparted in a reasonably interesting way. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)——The same publishers send us Mr. J. S. Fletcher's *At the Gate of the Fold*, a simple, natural, and thoroughly pleasing tale of English rural life.

Charles Scribner's Sons complete their very attractive edition of the works of Eugene Field by the publication of three additional volumes, *The Holy Cross and Other Tales*, *The Second Book of Tales*, and *Songs and Other Verse*, each volume containing work which has not hitherto appeared in book form. This edition was reviewed at length in these columns several months ago.——From the same publishers comes the sixteenth edition of Mrs. Fay Peirce's *Music-Study in Germany*, a volume whose value and popularity as descriptive of German musical life are sufficiently evidenced by the fact that it has passed through so many editions.

The sixth volume of the new edition of *The Poetical Works of William Wordsworth*, edited by William Knight, contains the work of the years between 1814 and 1820 inclusive, and therefore presents to the reader some of the most notable of Wordsworth's verse, including "Laodamia," "Yarrow Visited," and many other poems which the English-speaking world has learned to love. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)——The same publishers add *Cymbeline* and *Pericles* to the Temple Edition of Shakespeare.——The edition of Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, edited by Mr. Wise, with illustrations by Walter Crane, which has been coming in parts from the press of the Macmillan Company (New York), has now reached the fifteenth part and the twelfth canto, completing the fifth book.

For many years Mr. Joseph E. Chamberlin has furnished for the Boston "Transcript" a column of pleasant talk about men and things under the signature "The Listener." A collection of these papers is now published, with the title *The Listener in Town*. We find in the listener's cheerful musings a fund of pleasing anecdotes, abundance of humor, warm sympathy with human nature and human needs, and an agreeable style. (Copeland & Day, Boston.)

Under the series-title "Library of Contemporary Exploration and Adventure" Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, of this city, have issued four volumes of sterling and permanent worth in this department of literature. They are: Mr. W. T. Hornaday's *Two Years in the Jungle;* Mr. Carl Lumholtz's *Among Cannibals;* Captain J. G. Bourke's *On the Border with Crook;* and Edward Whymper's *In the Great Andes of the Equator*. It would be difficult to name four books which combine so equally the merits of vivid narration and scientific observation. Of each of them The Outlook has spoken in high praise upon its first appearance. The combined "Library" would make a most satisfactory Christmas present to a boy of intelligence.

Ginn & Co. (Boston) send us the *Biological Lectures* delivered at the Marine Biological Laboratory of Wood's Holl in the summer session of 1895; a volume which treats of a great variety of subjects, from a Student's Reminiscences of Huxley to the Primary Segmentation of the Vertebrate Head.——From the same publishers comes a new revision of Allen and Greenough's *Select Orations of Cicero*, which is practically a new work, the notes having been almost entirely rewritten and very extensive additions made.——Messrs. Hinds & Noble, Cooper Institute, New York, have issued in the University Tutorial Series Volume III. of *The Intermediate Text-Books of English History*, covering the period between 1603 and 1714, by C. S. Fearenside.——The same publishers send us, in the same series, Volume I. of *The Intermediate Text-Books of English Literature*, by A. J. Wyatt and W. H. Low, covering the period from the origin of English literature to 1580, and including a synopsis and index of authors.

Dr. J. Wesley Johnston's *Creed and the Prayer* (Eaton & Mains, New York) contains a series of meditations on the sentences in the Apostles' Creed and the Lord's Prayer.——The Rev. R. J. Cooke's *Historic Episcopate* (Eaton & Mains) is a comparative study of Anglican claims and Methodist orders, and its object, as defined in the preface, is to defend the principles of the Reformation relative to church government, to lay bare the grounds of Anglican claims to a historic episcopate, and to set in clear light the validity of Methodist orders.

The second volume of Dr. J. F. McCurdy's *History, Prophecy, and the Monuments; or, Israel and the Nations*, continues the narrative from the examination of early Hebrew society to the downfall of the Assyrian Empire. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

The Money Question, by George H. Shibley ("Justice") is an encyclopædic scrap-book of striking facts bearing upon the issue now before the public. The author is an enthusiastic supporter of the free coinage of silver. The book is written with spirit and contains a great deal of interesting material. It also contains a great number of caricatures which are doubtless designed to lighten its style, but are better calculated to lessen the weight of its argument. (Stable Money Publishing Company, 100 Washington Street, Chicago, Ill.)

Literary Notes

—The title of Hall Caine's new story is "The Christian."

—Bangs & Co., of this city, will sell, on October 12 and 17, the large library of the late Rev. William R. Williams. The strength of the collection is in its Jansenist works, in its variety of Bibles, and the large number of works of the seventeenth century.

—The Rev. Dr. William Elliot Griffis has been elected a foreign member of the Maatschappy der Nederlandsche Letterkunde of Leiden, Holland. This Society of Dutch Letters includes most of the Dutch scholars and men of letters in Holland and her colonies.

—The latest English writer to be placed upon the Roman "Index" is no other than Mr. Andrew Lang. This distinction has been obtained by his work on "Culture and Myths," which appears to have become known at the Vatican through having been translated into French.

—In one of his introductions to the complete edition of his works soon to be published, Mr. J. M. Barrie says:

There are writers who can plan out their story beforehand as clearly as though it were a railway journal, and adhere throughout to their original design—they draw up what playwrights call a scenario—but I was never one of those. I spend a great deal of time, indeed, in looking for the best road in the map, and mark it with red ink; but at the first by-path off my characters go. "Come back," I cry, "you are off the road!" "We prefer this way," they reply. I try bullying. "You are only people in a book," I shout, "and it is my book, and I can do what I like with you, so come back!" But they seldom come, and it ends with my plodding after them.

Books Received

For the Week ending September 18

E. T. CLARKE & CO., READING, MASS.

Clarke, William H. Cheerful Philosophy for Thoughtful Invalids. 50 cts.

COPELAND & DAY, BOSTON

Chamberlin, Joseph E. The Listener in the Town. 75 cts.
Chamberlin, Joseph E. The Listener in the Country. 75 cts.

EATON & MAINS, NEW YORK

Johnston, J. Wesley, D.D. The Creed and the Prayer. $1.20.
Cooke, R. J., D.D. The Historic Episcopate. $1.

GINN & CO., BOSTON

Biological Lectures. 1895.
Select Orations of Cicero (Allen and Greenough's Edition). Revised by J. B. Greenough and G. L. Kittredge.
La Fayette, Mme. de. La Princesse de Clèves. Edited by B. F. Sledd and H. Gorrell.

HINDS & NOBLE, NEW YORK

Wyatt, A. J., and W. H. Low. The Intermediate Text-Book of English Literature. Vol. I. 80 cts.
Fearenside, C. S. The Intermediate Text-Book of English History. Vol. III. $1.

MACMILLAN & CO., NEW YORK

Spenser, Edmund. Faerie Queene. Edited by Thomas J. Wise. Illustrated by Walter Crane. Book V. Part XV. $3.
McCurdy, James Frederick. History, Prophecy, and the Monuments; or, Israel and the Nations. Vol. II. $3.
Fay, Amy. Music-Study in Germany. Edited by Mrs. Fay Peirce. $1.25.
Edgeworth, Maria. Helen. $1.50.
Shakespeare, William. Pericles; Cymbeline. (Temple Edition.) 45 cts. each.
Fletcher, J. S. At the Gate of the Fold. $1.25.
Markham, Sir Clements R. The Paladins of Edwin the Great. $1.50.
Wordsworth, William. Poetical Works. Edited by William Knight. Vol. VI. $1.50.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

Field, Eugene. Songs and Other Verse. $1.25.
Field, Eugene. The Holy Cross and Other Tales. $1.25.
Field, Eugene. Second Book of Tales. $1.25.
Brodhead, Eva Wilder. One of the Visconti. 75 cts.
Lumholtz, Carl. Among Cannibals. Translated by Rasmus B. Anderson. $2.50.
Hornaday, William T. Two Years in the Jungle. $2.50.
Bourke, John J. On the Border with Crook. $2.50.
Whymper, Edward. Travels Amongst the Great Andes of the Equator. $2.50.
Bourget, Paul. A Tragic Idyl. $1.50.

STABLE MONEY PUBLISHING CO., CHICAGO

Shibley, George H. The Money Question. $1.50.

FREDERICK A. STOKES CO., NEW YORK

Hope, Anthony. The Heart of Princess Osra. $1.50.
Hobbes, John Oliver. The Herb-Moon. $1.25.
Barr, Robert. One Day's Courtship. 75 cts.

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The Religious World

Mr. Moody in New York It is announced that Mr. D. L. Moody will lead an evangelistic campaign in New York and Jersey City during November. We understand that it has been decided to ask all the pastors of Brooklyn, New York, and Jersey City to unite in an invitation asking Mr. Moody to spend the entire month of November, and as much longer as possible, in the evangelistic work in this vicinity. Mr. Moody and his methods are now so well known that the bare announcement of the fact of his coming is all that is necessary to awaken a deep interest in all Christian people. Beginning with the present week, meetings will be held in Brooklyn designed to be introductory for the services which it is hoped that Mr. Moody will conduct.

Fiftieth Anniversary of the American Missionary Association Much interest attaches to the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the American Missionary Association, which will be celebrated in Boston, October 20 to 22, inclusive. The addresses of welcome will be delivered on Tuesday afternoon, October 20, by Governor Roger Wolcott, Mayor Quincy, and the Rev. S. E. Herrick, D.D. The sermon will be preached by the Rev. Lyman Abbott. Among the other speakers announced are Justice Brewer, Commissioner W. T. Harris, Drs. Nehemiah Boynton, R. S. Storrs, and President M. E. Gates. The work of this Association is chiefly among the blacks of the Southern States, although it has large and efficient branches among the Chinese, the Indians, and the mountain whites. The Secretary of the Interior under President Grant once publicly said that this Society had done more for the education and Christianization of the freedmen than all other denominations and the Government combined. Fifty years of honorable and useful history will be fittingly commemorated by the celebration to be held in Boston.

A New Congregational Church in New York The first service of a new Congregational church to be located somewhere up-town in New York was held in Leslie Hall, Eighty-third Street, near the Western Boulevard, on Sunday last. It is understood that the Rev. Dr. Stimson, late of the Broadway Tabernacle, is to be the pastor of this church. He conducted its first services. About three hundred and fifty persons were present, and it is said that the membership will number about one hundred and fifty at the beginning. There is no Congregational church anywhere in the neighborhood, and the outlook for the new movement is felt to be decidedly encouraging. Many strong and liberal supporters are behind Dr. Stimson, and the location is unsurpassed both in attractiveness and importance.

The Russian Archbishop The members of the Greek communion are not very numerous in the United States, and Bishop Nikolai has a large diocese. His see embraces all North America, including even the Aleutian Islands and Alaska. His headquarters are in San Francisco, but he has just arrived in New York after visiting churches under his supervision in the West and South. He was received with appropriate ceremonies at the Russian Church of St. Nicholas, No. 323 Second Avenue. The Archbishop is described as a portly man with bushy whiskers and hair that hangs in ringlets upon his shoulders. He is regarded as a tireless worker, and is greatly honored and beloved by those under his charge.

The Pope and Anglican Orders Last week we mentioned the fact that the Pope had published to the world his decision that the claim of the Church of England to possess valid orders is without foundation. Although the full text of the Pope's reply to Mr. Gladstone has not reached us, we have sufficient information to enable us to speak intelligently on the subject. A large party in the Anglican Church, led by Lord Halifax, have for a long time contended that the Pope would recognize Anglican orders, and thus include the Anglican Church in the unity of the Papal. A few months ago Mr. Gladstone disappointed his Nonconformist friends by writing a long letter which was nothing more than an appeal to the Pope in behalf of the position taken by Lord Halifax and Archdeacon Denison. The hopes of the High Anglicans, however, have been rudely shattered. The Pope has not only decided that the orders of the English Church are irregular, he has gone farther and declared them to be invalid. This will cause little if any regret to that large part of the English communion represented by such men as Dean Farrar and Archdeacon Sinclair, and all others of the Broad and Low Church party; but it will be a sad disappointment to the High Churchmen to be regarded from the point of view of the Pope as belonging in the same list as Presbyterians and Congregationalists. The burden of the Papal declaration is that Anglicans can have regular orders only by returning to the bosom of the Mother Church. In other words, the Pope does not recognize the Anglican and Episcopalian claim to Apostolic succession. We do not for a moment suppose that the decision of the Pope will make any difference in the claims of those who are strenuous concerning this point. They rest their faith on another line of succession. It will, however, be of great advantage in one respect. It will show a large number of persons of how little importance the question of the succession really is. When a minister has proved by the service which he has rendered the Church and humanity that he is ordained of God, and that ordination has been recognized by his Christian brethren, it is of comparatively little importance whether he stands in any direct line from the Apostles. The real succession is spiritual and not tactual. The Anglican Church will go serenely on its way as if the Pope had not spoken. Only a few who are more interested in the Church as an institution than in the work which it has to accomplish will be daunted by the recent Papal deliverance. The result may be the secession of a few extreme High Churchmen, but the number will be exceedingly small, and the deliverance will take its place among the curiosities of the Vatican, and there be left for the amusement of those in all denominations who are more anxious about the vitality of the Christian Church than the forms in which its work is accomplished.

Heresy at Hamilton And so our Baptist friends have at last a heresy case on their hands! It has been known for a long time that there was one conspicuous target at which many arrows of Baptist suspicion were aimed. That target is no less a person than the distinguished President of Chicago University, whose sin is that he trains in the company of such illustrious scholars as Professor George Adam Smith, of Scotland, Professors Driver and Cheyne, of England, and Professors Briggs and Moore, of America. Only a few, however, have dared to let their arrows fly, and they have come so far short of hitting their mark as to cause amusement to the spectators. At last a less prominent target has been found in the person of Professor Schmidt, of the Baptist Theological Seminary connected with Colgate University. We have read with exceeding care the charges which have been brought against Professor Schmidt and his replies to them. The answer of the Professor is courteous and admirable. He indulges in no controversy, and meets his accusers at every point. Indeed, from a study of the documents we can find but two places in which he seems to lay himself open to criticism, even from a Baptist point of view. The first is the fact that he is in sympathy with what is called "the Higher Criticism." Of that he makes no attempt at concealment. And, secondly, he seems to be an Open Communionist. But many very eminent American Baptists are Open Communionists; and we had not supposed that the fact that a man gave hospitality to the best Christian scholarship of the world was any barrier to his usefulness in a Baptist Theological Seminary. So far as Professor Schmidt is concerned, he may be thankful for the opposition to him, since it has resulted in his election to a professorship in Cornell University, where his influence cannot fail to be wider than before. The real question, however, is simply this: Is there room among Baptists for those who hold the conclusions of modern scholarship concerning the Old Testament? That must be answered, and the reply may be different in one place from what it is in another, since Baptists have no common creed to which they are committed, no common organization, and no Court of Appeal. The case of Professor Schmidt was complicated by its connection with the Board of Education, by whom he was dismissed without trial and practically without a hearing. The result in the case of this Professor will be what it always is in similar cases—a man who would otherwise have done a quiet work in obscurity is made prominent and influential by persecution.

The Ordination of Ballington Booth It has been known from the first that one cause of the difference between Ballington Booth and the Salvation Army was the sympathy of the former with the work of the churches. That sympathy has at last found expression in the ordination of the Commander as a Christian minister. The ceremony took place in Chicago during a recent visit, and the action forms a vital link between the Volunteers and the visible Church. Mr. Booth has not been ordained into any particular denomination, but into the Church of God in general. The ceremony was performed by Bishop Fallows, who was assisted by Methodists, Presbyterians, and Congregationalists. At the ceremony the Bishop spoke as follows:

> I am not here acting in any official capacity as a clergyman of my own Church. Commander Booth desired to be recognized by the religious bodies as a clergyman duly authorized to perform marriages within the ranks of the Volunteers and to act in such other capacities, or perform such other functions, as he is and may be called upon to fill through his connection with the Volunteers. He wished to be a recognized minister in America.

It is the intention of the Commander that the leading officers among the Volunteers shall be ordained in the near future, and thus be qual-

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ified to administer the sacraments to their officers and troops. It is also his wish that those who are converted in his meetings should receive the help and pastoral oversight of the churches. This act will go a long way toward removing one serious ground of opposition to the work in which he is engaged. The ceremony itself was so peculiar that we give a copy of the ordination paper, with the names of those taking part in the service. The following is a copy of the ordination paper:

To all the Faithful in Christ Jesus:

Greeting—Be it known that we, the undersigned, Bishop and Presbyters of the Church of God in General, acting under the favor and protection of the Divine Head of the Church, and in accordance with the Constitution, Canons, and Usages of the Church of God in General, on the fourteenth day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-six, in Chicago, State of Illinois, U. S. A., did rightly and canonically ordain our beloved in Christ, the Reverend Ballington Booth, of whose virtuous and pious life and conversation, and competent learning and knowledge of Holy Scripture, we are well assured, a Presbyter in the Church of God; he having first freely and voluntarily declared that he believes the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments to be the Word of God, and to contain all things necessary to salvation, and having solemnly engaged to conform to the doctrine, discipline, and worship of the Church of God in General so long as he shall continue a minister thereof.

In testimony whereof we have set our hands this fourteenth day of September, A.D. 1896.

SAMUEL FALLOWS, LUTHER M. WALTERS, } Reformed Episcopal.
GEO. S. YOUNG, E. B. PATTERSON, New York, J. P. BRUSHINGHAM, W. B. LEACH, } Methodist.
THOMAS MARSHALL, Presbyterian.
A. N. HITCHCOCK, Congregational.

Sunday Baseball

A movement against the desecration of Sunday by the various Baseball Leagues has been undertaken in western Massachusetts. The Good Citizenship Committee of the Y. P. S. C. E. connected with the First Congregational Church of Springfield has taken strong action, and the Springfield Christian Endeavor Union has also passed resolutions declaring that whereas the Springfield Club has made engagements for Sunday games in cities where no legal prohibition prevented, it is earnestly requested that the Sunday engagements of the Club be canceled. The Endeavorers pledge themselves to withhold all patronage of the same until assured that the contracts for Sunday games have been withdrawn. Similar action has been taken by the Providence Christian Endeavor Union. There can be but one opinion by Christian people on this subject. The Puritan Sunday has gone, and we have no desire to see it return; but, on the other hand, we have no desire to see anything like the Continental Sunday on American soil. Many forces are at work tending to secularize the Lord's Day. Among the most prominent, because of its influence on young men in large cities, is Sunday baseball playing. Such games are without excuse. No plea can be urged in their behalf. They are not needed for recreation, and they are a source of desecration and dissipation. The Christian Endeavor Unions of Massachusetts have begun a good work. The case is by no means hopeless. If the large numbers represented by these societies will neither attend the games on Sunday nor attend games on any other days between clubs which have Sunday games, will do all in their power to secure legislation prohibiting such games, and see that the laws enacted are executed, a good work will be accomplished. It is one thing to believe in a Sunday which shall be a day of rest and fellowship, a day in which the home life shall be made bright and beautiful, in which those who are crowded in the great cities shall have opportunities of getting fresh air and sunlight; but it is a very different thing to make the Lord's Day one of indiscriminate merrymaking and amusement. The whole influence of the Church should be directed against the secularization of Sunday.

English and American Congregationalists

The editor of the "Congregationalist," in a retrospect of the recent trip of the "Pilgrims" to the Pilgrim shrines of Old England, makes a wise suggestion concerning the future relations of English and American Congregationalists. He asks if it is not possible for those who are in such perfect sympathy to find ways of manifesting it so as to make that sympathy more helpful to churches on both sides of the sea. The same question has already been raised by others, and we know is in the minds of many in England. More than once American ministers have been invited to take part in the meetings of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, and delegates from that body have regularly been sent to the meetings of our National Congregational Council. But a still closer union could easily be realized, and would be for the benefit of both bodies. If, for instance, the preacher at the May meetings in London were chosen from American Congregationalists, and the preacher before the National Council were chosen from the English, a long step toward practical union between the two bodies would be taken. Indeed, we have even heard the question raised as to whether it would not be possible sometime for Honorary Chairmen to be chosen, the English choosing American and the American English. But we are not so much concerned with the way in which this desire is to be realized as with the fact that it exists. It is common in both countries. English Congregationalists are deeply interested in all that concerns the welfare of their American brethren, and American Congregationalists are becoming still more interested in the English churches. Whatever will tend to make these relations more vital and helpful is surely to be desired. We suggest to the committees having charge of programmes of the Union and the Council whether it would not be possible to give such prominence to these fraternal feelings as will bind the churches still more closely in the consciousness of their essential unity in history and mission.

Liberal Religious Societies

The Congress of Liberal Religious Societies will meet in Indianapolis, beginning November 17. The sermon will be preached by the Rev. Dr. Moxom, of Springfield, and among those who will take part are Dr. H. W. Thomas, of Chicago, who is an Independent; Rabbi Hirsch; R. Heber Newton, Episcopalian; Dr. Rexford, Universalist; and Drs. M. J. Savage, Jenkins Lloyd Jones, and other Unitarians. The object of this Congress is concisely stated in the following extract from their Articles of Incorporation:

To unite a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion; to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in organization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future.

The Evolution of Ethics

Is the general topic under which a very strong course of lectures has been provided by the Trustees of the Brooklyn Ethical Association for the coming season. The course will be opened at the Pouch Mansion on Sunday evening, October 11, with an address by the Rev. Minot J. Savage, on "The Origin of Ethical Ideas." The following lectures, given here in the order in which they will be delivered, will serve to indicate the scope of the course, and also the general lines along which the Ethical Association works: "The Ethics of the Hindus," "Ethics of Zoroaster and the Parsis," "Ethics of Buddhism," "Ethics of the Chinese Sages," "Ethics of the Greek Philosophers," "Ethics of the Stoics and Epicureans," "Ethics of the Hebrews," "Ethics of the Mohammedans," "Ethics of the New Testament," "Ethics of the German Schools," "Utilitarian Ethics," and "Ethics of Evolution." Most of these will be given by specialists; among them Rabbi Gottheil will discuss Hebrew Ethics, and Professor C. H. Toy, of Harvard, will lecture on the Ethics of the New Testament. Among the other speakers expected to address the Association are: W. S. Evans, of New York; J. J. Goodwin, of England; Dr. Jin Fuey Moy, of China; Professor C. H. A. Bjerregaard, of the Astor Library; the Rev. John W. Chadwick, Dr. L. G. Janes, Mr. Z. Sidney Sampson, the Rev. S. A. Eliot, Mr. Walter S. Logan, Professor George M. Whicher, and Mr. Miles M. Dawson. It is probable that the same lectures will be repeated in Cambridge, Mass., soon after they are given in Brooklyn. Complete programmes of the course may be had on application to Mr. John B. Eddey, Recording Secretary, 457 Ninth Street, Brooklyn.

Brief Mention

The fourteenth annual meeting of the Baptist Congress will be held in Nashville, Tenn., beginning November 10. The following topics will be discussed by eminent Baptists from all parts of the country: "How Far Has New Testament Precedent the Authority of Divine Command?" "Christianity and War;" "The Problems of the Country Church;" "Is God the Father of All Men?" "The Relation of Baptists to Other Denominations;" "The Pastor as a Soul-Winner."

Bequests amounting to nearly $100,000 are made in the will of Joseph Wild, who died at Bay Ridge, Brooklyn, September 3. They are as follows: To the Brooklyn Baptist Church Extension Society, $15,000; Long Island Baptist Association, $5,000; ministerial education, $10,000; for the proposed orphanage in connection with the work of the Baptist Home, $10,000; Norwegian Hospital, $4,000; American Baptist Publication Society, $5,000; American Baptist Home Missionary Society, $10,000; American Baptist Missionary Union, $10,000; Greenwood Baptist Church, $10,000; for the benefit of the poor of that church, $3,000; Howard Colored Orphan Asylum, $1,000; Home for Incurables, $5,000; Brooklyn Home for Consumptives, $2,500; Carson and Newman College of Tennessee, $5,000.

The will of the late Enoch Pratt, the Baltimore banker and philanthropist, disposes of an estate estimated at $3,000,000. To the testator's wife is left $400,000 and the residence in Baltimore. One hundred thousand dollars is set aside to pay taxes, etc., on the residence, and at Mrs. Pratt's death the principal is to be given to the Meadville (Pa.) Theological School. Five thousand dollars is left in trust for the Congregational Church and Society of Titicut, at North Middleborough, Mass., and $10,000 as an endowment fund for the public library of the same town. Ten thousand dollars is given to the Boys' Home of Baltimore. A number of relatives and business and personal servants receive various sums, and the residue of the estate is left to the trustees of the Sheppard Asylum, with the stipulation that the name of the corporation be changed to the Sheppard and Enoch Pratt Hospital, the income of the fund to be used to complete the present buildings and grounds and erect an additional building.

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The Home Club

Women's Club Programmes

The Woman's League of Battle Creek, Mich., was organized in 1895. Its objects, as declared in section 2 of its constitution, "are intellectual and philanthropic work, and united effort for all that tends to better society." The work of the year is divided into Education, Home, Philanthropy and Literature, Art, Science and Philosophy, and Music. Each subject is in charge of a committee the head of which is called "President." The departments have separate days of meeting, and programmes which consider only the department. The Woman's League has a Working-Girls' Club and Men's Annex. The meetings are held on every Thursday in the month, each department having its assigned date in the League programme. One department of the League is the Woman's Club, which was organized in 1873. The Woman's Club meets every Friday at 2:30, and for 1896–1897 Germany will be the subject presented—German History, German Science and Philosophy, German Literature, German Art. The Working-Girls' Club and Men's Annex meets on Monday evening at 7:30. The programme for the winter is American Authors, with four social evenings.

The Monday Club of Circleville, Ohio, was organized in 1893. The meetings are held bimonthly, beginning September 7, 1896. The Ten Great Religions are the subjects of the meetings of the second Monday in the month. The first Monday is devoted to Art, Hygiene, Social Topics, Household Economics, History, and Historic Characters. Each paper is allowed fifteen minutes, followed by discussion, each speaker limited to five minutes. The club critic is an important figure at each meeting. Current Events is the last feature on each programme. The following is the list of reference-books called to the attention of the club members in connection with the programme:

Reference-Books.—"Ten Great Religions," James Freeman Clarke; "The Religions of the World," F. D. Maurice; "The Romantic Legend of Sakya Buddha," Samuel Beal; "The Koran," George Sale; "Thousand Miles Up the Nile," A. B. Edwards; "Creeds of Christendom," Schaff; "Modern Hinduism," W. Q. Wilkins; "Hinduism," M. Williams; "Islam," J. W. H. Stobart; "The Koran," Sir Wm. Muir; "Jerusalem, the Holy City," Mrs. Oliphant; "Japanese Girls and Women," Alice Bable; "Norse Mythology," Anderson; "Social Problems," Henry George; "Progress and Poverty," Henry George; "Social Studies," Newton; "Review of Reviews;" Current Literature of the Day.

Shoppers' Commissions

The Outlook has received a number of letters recently asking for information in regard to the shopping commission business. It is fair to say that this business is attended by many pitfalls. Perhaps the first and greatest is the freedom with which people will send orders to a shopper and the dilatoriness with which they will pay their bills. Many commission shoppers have been seriously cramped for months at a time because they have been compelled to use their ready money to take advantage of the best market for their customers. This business requires artistic tastes, a knowledge of all textiles, good judgment, tactfulness in letter-writing, exactness, and infinite patience. Once established, it is a good paying business, the commission shopper usually being able to make arrangements with the best houses for a small commission on the legitimate trade secured through her efforts. There is, on an average, about one success to fifty failures. The first year the return is perhaps large enough to meet car-fare, expenses, and postage, unless one has exceptional social connections. Early in life we all learn that there is no royal road to learning, but some of us grow gray-headed before we learn that there is no royal road to wealth; that if one is not born wealthy, nothing but hard work, rare aptitude, and the consecration of every effort to do whatever is undertaken will bring success. We have kindergarten colleges agreeing to give the training in three months, and it is only recently that some members of the Board of Education of one of our large cities informed newspaper reporters that a week's study of the kindergarten would qualify any woman to be a supervisor. That they believe it is proved by the fact that their idea of economics is that a profession that required but a week to master would justify the giving of an income of $2,500 a year. That, of course, would be a royal road to wealth, but few there be that find it, and short is their stay in it, for the majorities in boards of education are not always composed of idiots. We have art schools agreeing in three months to fit the student for any department of art he wishes to practice; and we also have dramatic schools which agree to make Rachels in a month, although it has been proved that to really qualify a woman to earn $50 a week she has to submit to one year of hair-pulling, to being dragged around the house by hair and arms, to being thrown like a ball, to being made to weep through the brutality of her trainer and the physical suffering involved. All this has been proved in a court of law, and still there are people who are looking for that royal road to wealth in this profession. Success is in proportion to natural ability, training, and devotion. It is the opportunity of every one born in this world, it is the realization of few; and this must be learned at an early age if one would acquire even a comfortable competence.

The Mark of Intelligence

That we live in an age of reform is one of the ever-present facts that faces intelligence. To define the fine line that separates mere change from reform is difficult. Some of us go through life with the feeling that all things of the past are bad, are not up to the standards of the knowledge of to-day, so that we are prepared to revise or throw aside every opinion, from our creed to our method of boiling potatoes. Every new idea is accepted as an advance. Change is not always progress, nor discoveries the milestones, the trade-marks, of knowledge. All that is valuable in the increase of knowledge simplifies living. Living becomes an art, the perfection of which ceases only at the grave, so that the whole of life is cumulative. To master the knowledge that brings God into closer relation, that makes life not a period of suffering, but a period of acquisition, of health and happiness; to make health the normal condition of every soul born in this world, is to make visible the divinity in man that is his crown of glory. This is possible only as the new builds on the old. Construction, not destruction, is the mark of progress. Cumulation, not annihilation, is the secret of spiritual growth, whether for the individual or the nation. The mastery of the past is possible only when wisdom sits enthroned. Change is not, then, the impulse of the moment, but the silent growth of the passing days, unheralded, but known by the fine impulse that makes for better things.

The Garbage-Pail

The American Public Health Association of New York has expressed itself in favor of each householder disposing of all garbage without the aid of the authorities. The kitchen crematories were advised. The charge was made by one physician that the lack of exact knowledge as to the quantity of food required by each family was responsible for much of the waste in households. He believed that closer estimates in quantity would dispose of the question of garbage. This, without doubt, is to a degree true. Americans do buy too liberally, and for the most part have a feeling of shame about buying small quantities. The disappearance of the market-basket is a misfortune to most families. If the mistress did her marketing with a small basket, she would buy many dainties that do not now find their way to the table. It would also be a temptation to make the rounds of the depots of supplies, and compare notes on prices and care of foods in stores. It would also lead to greater zeal on the part of the sellers to keep custom. The market in Washington, D. C., is a lesson to every housekeeper. In no city are such pretty baskets seen. The mistress steps from her carriage with a basket in her hand, or she comes walking with a servant in attendance, and scores of refined-looking women are met with baskets in their hands, intent on finding some extra dainty for their family. It is a pity that so many housekeepers have forgotten the delight that is inseparable from a surprise that represents the personal effort and loving recollection of some favorite dish of the family. The economy of this basket and personal marketing is well known by those who have contracted bills when orders were given over the telephone, and when they made the rounds of the region of supplies.

A Mistaken Conclusion

I would never be satisfied until I could number the art and science of good cooking among my accomplishments. If we would keep the fire of love burning brightly, the kitchen must be our temple, and the cook-stove our shrine. Tender, juicy beefsteak, well-cooked vegetables, the flakiest of pies, and the most delectable and digestible of puddings, must be our offering to the hungry little god that presides over our domestic felicity.

"Ah, yes," you say, "but I leave all that to the cook."

Oh, well, if you possess that priceless jewel, a trained cook—but allow me to ask, How many training-schools have we for cooks, and how many of the Katies and the Maggies that infest our kitchens have had the advantages of such training? I can count on my finger-tips at least twenty who have demonstrated in my own kitchen that they could not broil a beefsteak intelligently, and if the mistress is no more efficient than the maid, what is to become of the little god that must be pampered and kept alive upon wholesome, well-cooked, and palatable food?

How many husbands, sons, and brothers would admit that the above is true?

That a knowledge of cookery is of the first importance to the housewife who must make her brains increase the purchasing power of the family income is true, not that she may keep alive the "little god," presumably love, but that she may keep ease of mind, health, and happiness in the home. There is no doubt that well-cooked food is one of the necessary elements of happiness, because well-cooked food is an element in health. The cooking of the food is but one factor; the selection and serving are quite as important. The best kind of food well cooked will not bring happiness unless it is supported by the degree of refinement and culture that meets the social requirements of the family.

Man would be a mere animal whose love for his home depended entirely on the kind of cooking produced in it.

A Gas Regulator

Some of the gas companies in this country have adopted the slot machine in regulating the supply of gas to kitchens for cooking. A twenty-five-cent piece is dropped into the machine attached to the meter. When twenty-five cents' worth of gas is used no more can be obtained from the meter until another twenty-five cents is dropped in. This insures prompt payment of bills, and prevents disputes as to gas bills. This method was adopted in London. The result has been to arouse public protests from the chimney-sweeps; the small dealers in coal and wood claim that their business is being destroyed. There are 37,000 gas-stoves connected with the slot-machine meters used in London.

A Public Library

In Indianapolis the growth of the city has compelled the opening of four branches of the free library. There is every proof that the Americans are becoming a nation of readers. Almost all the circulating libraries of the country have been compelled to establish branch stations. Many of the States maintain traveling libraries, and the schools have in many cities close connection with the libraries.

For Burns

The "Revue Médicale" says that potassium nitrate reduces the temperature of a liquid from five to nine degrees. A few spoonfuls dissolved in water has a most cooling and beneficent effect on burns or scalds; either plunge the burned member into the water or use compresses. If used constantly, it will prevent blisters. It brings immediate relief.

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For the Little People

The Scissors-Grinder

By Caroline C. Day

The old scissors-grinder
Is coming—I hear
His bell at the corner—
Be quick—he is near!
With a funny machine
He is going around,
To see if the people
Want anything ground.

And my knife and Bobby's
Are all full of nicks;
And the chisel we borrowed
He surely must fix;
And those big shears of mother's
We left in the rain,
We'll bring, for he'll make 'em
Like new ones again.

To the gate by the sidewalk
Tell Mary to run,
And to bring, too, the baby
To see all the fun!
Ho! ho! here is Sammy,
A fish-hook he's brought!
He thinks if 'tis sharpened
Some frogs might be caught!

Look! the treadle is going,
And just see the sparks;
How they scare the black puppy—
Just hear how he barks!
What a queer noise the grindstone
Is making to-day—
"Scis—scis"—as if scissors
'Twas trying to say!

I'll tell you what, Bobby,
We'll go, when we're big,
With a jolly loud bell
And this sort of a rig;
And for all the poor fellows
Whose money is spent,
We'll edge up their jackknives,
Nor charge them a cent.

Dear me! his work is over—
He's going away.
Get your nickels and pennies—
You know we must pay;
Nod your head, little sister,
And all say "Good-by"
To the busy old grinder
Who makes the sparks fly.

A Butterfly's Unique Fancy

By Emma S. Echols

It was at the close of an unusually sultry midsummer day that we were seated on our shady lawn enjoying the delicious breezes that were just beginning to stir the leaves and branches which had been so discouragingly listless all day. George had just returned from camp at Lake Winnipesaukee, and for comfort had donned his "Idlewild" cap of white canvas.

We were all reading, and so quiet as to be absolutely motionless, when mamma, in an excited whisper, said, "Keep perfectly quiet, George; a lovely butterfly has lit on your cap." We almost held our breaths as we saw this gorgeous colored specimen tilting on the white cap in as perfect delight and freedom as though enjoying a bit of rest among its native feast of flowers or foliage. We thought it simply a happening, but were interested in the charm of the novelty, while George, not feeling sure whether the honor was due him or his cap, kept the latter motionless, as we discussed the beauty of this shy guest. A microscope would have revealed to us the beautiful colored wings covered with tiny scales, but we had no disposition to make it a prisoner for this purpose. We noted that its protective coloring—which is always shown when the butterfly is in the act of resting with closed wings, raised perpendicularly over the back—was a dull yellow. It is only the upper surfaces of the wings that are in almost all cases so bright and handsome. We wondered as we watched this beauteous little thing if it had mistaken the white cap for a mammoth flower.

Finally George objected to longer holding in check his curiosity—he wanted a glimpse of this tiny stranger he was entertaining, but with a very stiff neck lest he should affright it. With great care he took hold of the visor of the cap to remove it from his head, but this gentlest of movements startled the sensitive sprite and it flew rapidly away, when, after a few graceful sweeps and circles in the air, flitting in and out among the branches of maple, it flew about the cap for a brief space and then settled down again with seeming delight. We knew from its varied movements that the white cap possessed some unusual feature of attraction; what it was we were curious to know. After a bit of rest on its new-found treasure it went through another series of tilts which set us all exclaiming over the exquisite changes in its beauty of coloring, and then again it darted from our sight so suddenly and effectually that we feared it was lost to us, and had sought fairer fields. After a few minutes of almost breathless waiting and eagerness on our part, a few graceful whirls around the white cap and our little friend had taken up his old position among us, and our wonder increased.

We then changed the cap successively from one position to another on the top of the chair, and from thence to the branches of the trees, wishing to make sure that it was really the cap that was sought. These changes invariably brought the same result; the butterfly circled and flitted about—it was like human searching—till the cap was found.

Once, when I was hanging the cap on the branch of a low-limbed maple, it came flying about my head, and sounded in my ears as the flutterings of a large bird; it then lighted on my head, but only a second, simply as vantage-ground—till it located the cap before me. It was now dusk, and the tiny thing showed a disposition to fold its wings for the night, and was most unwilling to be disturbed, even by the vigorous swinging of its new-found bed; and if dislodged it came back with that determined little air which seemed to say very plainly, "I intend to stay here." So we left the cap in the branches, and the butterfly, with closed wings, was rocked in its self-sought white cradle.

Did it fancy it some gigantic white lily on which it swayed to and fro, or were the fresh breezes of the lake still lingering there, the scent of which the acute sensibilities of the butterfly responded to? It may have been the simple purity of the whiteness which attracted it. However, we are all full of queries as to *why* this tiny creature of the air was so persistently attracted toward the white cap. And we are, moreover, convinced that some butterflies not only have instincts, but also as decided tastes or fancies as have we of the human family.

A Remarkable Cat

In San Francisco there is a cat that washes windows. It belongs to one of the Chinese companies of that city. It is a cat of a Chinese breed, and those who own it claim that it belongs to the same family as the cats in the temples of the Emperor of China. The cat is a mixture of Maltese and tortoise-shell, and said to be very beautiful. It has a Chinese name which the newspapers claim cannot be rendered into English, so those of its friends who talk English have to call it Tom for short. Tom's Chinese friends declare that he is so clean that he would not lie down until he has dusted off the place where he is to lie. It is claimed that Tom will take a rag and dip it in a pan of water, and wash the glass of the window in front of which he is going to lie down, and then rub it dry, and that he has never been known to lie down in front of the glass without first washing it. Naturalists say that cats are the cleanest animals in the world; that they abhor dirt. Sometimes we see cats in the street which have been turned out of their homes by the people who have gone away for the summer, and these poor cats do not look very clean, but it is not their fault, for how can a poor homeless cat have any opportunity of washing herself?—and pretty soon she gets so weak from hunger that she cannot wash herself, and by and by she doesn't care. So when you see a poor dirty cat on the street try to remember that it is not her nature to be dirty, but she has had no chance to be clean, and feel sorry for her.

Some Squirrels

All the children who visit Central Park, New York, know how tame the squirrels are. Last week a gentleman was riding a bicycle through the Park. He felt something run up the outside of his leg and jump into his coat pocket. He put his hand in the pocket, and immediately the something jumped out and ran under his coat. Out poked a little gray nose, and then the head of a squirrel. The squirrel was not at all distressed by his novel ride. He settled down comfortably and went spinning around the Park under the rider's coat. Bicyclists say they are in constant danger of running over the squirrels in the Park. The squirrels sit in the road, and watch the wheels coming in innocent amazement, and the wheelmen have to turn aside to avoid them. This morning I was walking along a mountain trail, and a squirrel came out of the bushes just in front of me, and looked at me with a most inquisitive expression. I was evidently as much of a curiosity to him as he was to me. He kept just in front of me for quite a distance, and then perched on top of a bowlder and watched me pass, seeming to say, "Well, I guess you are harmless. I can trust you to play in my yard."

His Journey by Water

On the south shore of Long Island is a sheet of water known as the Great South Bay. On the neck and island salt grass grows that is valuable for bedding for cattle. A farmer took his horse over in a boat when he went to gather the hay. He loosened the horse to let him feed while he was getting the hay ready to use him in drawing the load. Whether the horse got homesick, or disliked the island, or did not care to do that kind of work, no one knows. When the farmer was ready to use the horse, there was no horse there. Where had he gone? He could not hide on the island; there was no place to hide. The man got into his big flat-bottomed boat and rowed ashore. He found some men greatly excited. A strange, huge animal had been seen swimming across the bay. No one had ever seen such an animal in the bay before. What could it have been? The farmer could not help them, for he had not seen the animal. No one had seen his horse that he had left on an island four miles across the bay. The farmer went home. There was his horse in the barn, dripping wet. He had swam across the bay! And then the farmer knew the name of the strange, huge beast the men had seen swimming in the bay.

Queer Musical Instruments

In the West Indian Islands there are trees that bear a pod with a split or open edge; the wind blowing through this makes a whistling noise that is not agreeable. When the trade-winds blow, this whistle is loud and continuous. In a certain valley there are many such trees. The natives call them whistling trees. In the Soudan there is a species of tree the leaf of which, when stung by certain insects peculiar to the region, who use the leaves as a home for their eggs, swells and forms a bladder. When the insect leaves this bladder through a hole, he makes it a musical instrument. When the wind blows through the trees, these leaves give out a sound like a flute.

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The Spectator

The Spectator was greatly interested by the fact that "the" success of this year's annual meeting of the American Social Science Association at Saratoga in September was the discussion of the negro problem. It has been of late rather the fashion (except among earnest, philanthropic, patriotic souls) to sneer at the negro problem as "played out" or "talked to death"—as a problem on which it is hardly worth one's while to waste the trouble of reaching sound views, since the general public is weary of it, and in any case public sentiment in the country at large can practically affect Southern opinion regarding it only in the most indirect fashion. The Social Science Association is made up, as those know who are acquainted with its membership, of men of the world as well as of students of social questions. The delightful evenings, after the papers are read and discussed, when the members get together in little groups and "swap stories," are as much a feature of its gatherings as its serious business. In short, the genial social scientists who convene annually at Saratoga are not at all of that intense type of enthusiast to whom the negro problem would appeal because it is a problem. And this it is which, as the Spectator sees it, adds significance to the fact that it took precedence in interest of all the other problems discussed.

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The discussion was confined to one phase of the problem: whether efforts to educate the Southern negro should be confined to giving him an industrial education, or whether they should be extended to include what is generally known as a classical education. The addresses were delivered in a church in the evening, and a large audience was present to listen to them. So interesting did they prove that no one present showed the least sign of weariness, although it was eleven o'clock before the last of the last speaker. Three of the addresses were by negroes—as defined by one of them when he said "one per cent. makes a 'nigger'"—and, as an ex-President of the Association said to the Spectator, "their papers would have done credit to any man, I do not care who he is." These three gentlemen included Mr. Booker T. Washington; Mr. Brown, a graduate of Howard University, who afterward took a special course in philosophy under Dr. McCosh at Princeton, and who is now principal of a school at Washington, D. C.; and Mr. Floyd, a graduate of Atlanta, and now the editor of the Augusta (Ga.) "Sentinel." Their two white associates were the Rev. H. L. Wayland, of Philadelphia—the well-known after-dinner talker—and Dr. Morgan, Secretary of the Baptist Education Society. It was no small triumph for the three representatives of the ostracized race to win laurels when the standard of comparison was so high. In manner as well as matter the three acquitted themselves with distinction, their voices being pleasing, even musical. Is the reform of the harsh, high-keyed American voice to come some day, in the America of the future, through the influence of contact with cultivated gentlemen of remote African descent?

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The Spectator has lingered so long on these minor incidents that he has almost lost sight of the significant incident of the discussion—that two out of three, Mr. Washington and Mr. Brown, favored simply an industrial education for the ordinary negro. The Spectator does not intend to summarize their arguments, as any one who wishes to read them can find them in an article Mr. Washington contributed to a recent issue of the "Atlantic Monthly." But it seems to the Spectator most encouraging that the new race-leaders of the new negro South should lay even a perhaps too exclusive emphasis on the practical, material side of progress. It is in line with a comment on Li Hung Chang's visit noted in Mr. Fortune's "Afro-American" organ—as he insists upon calling it—the New York "Age:" "There is a lesson in the reception given Li Hung Chang which should not be lost upon Afro-Americans. If he were as black as ink and represented the power and wealth that he does, he would receive the same marked attention that he has received in Europe and America. As Booker Washington puts it, when we have got something that somebody else wants, we shall soon have no race problem."

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All this is in direct contrast with the political-sentimental leadership of which, for example, the late Frederick Douglass was the exponent. As it is a condition and not a theory which confronts this race, this change of policy commends itself to the Spectator as a departure in the right direction, one of hopeful promise for the future. It is interesting to note that while Mr. Washington was at Saratoga he lived at the United States Hotel, sitting at the same table with Dean Wayland, of the Yale Law School; Dr. Frederick J. Kingsbury, for so many terms President of the Social Science Association, and other gentlemen of equal prominence. No request was made for any special arrangement permitting this. Mr. Washington simply came into the dining-room of this fashionable hotel at a fashionable resort, and sat down at a table with his friends, just as did other members or guests of the Association. The waiters (colored) were also just as attentive to him as they were to the white patrons—something, the Spectator regrets to add, which cannot always be said.

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Why should a fashionable Saratoga hotel, the Spectator asked himself, be apparently freer from color prejudice than the hotels of a New England city like Hartford, where within the year colored clergymen had so much difficulty in securing accommodations? Are people of the world, after all, more tolerant of certain rights of others than the general run of people? The Spectator recalls a little incident of his own experience. With some Southern friends he went one night to the Metropolitan Opera-House in New York to hear "Carmen," they having bought expensive seats, orchestra chairs in the body of the house. Right across the aisle, next to a lady of wide social acquaintance—to judge from the number of gentlemen who crowded around her between the acts—sat a respectable but plainly dressed man of color, as black as the blackest Southern negro, whose presence there among all the dress suits and the fine gowns of the fashionable folk seemed not to attract the slightest attention. The Spectator's Southern friends could not understand this typical American tolerance—as it ought to be—and really, he believes, had their enjoyment of the opera largely spoiled by the presence in their vicinity of a man wholly inoffensive except for his complexion. Their prejudice might have found the indorsement of offensive behavior on the part of some others had they been at some second-rate variety theater instead of the Metropolitan Opera-House—a matter for curious reflection.

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The exclusion of "Afro-Americans"—to use Mr. Fortune's certainly expressive phrase—from all but menial work in so many of the factories of "progressive" New England is due to the prejudice, not of employers, but of fellow-employees. The manufacturer, as not a few managers have said to the Spectator in discussing the question, feels no call to go out of his way to fight the battle of race equality, when success in business so largely depends upon skill in avoiding issues that interfere with smooth running. Many of the very persons who probably might call Dean Wayland, Dr. Kingsbury, and the other gentlemen who sat three times a day at the same hotel table with Mr. Washington "aristocrats," would be themselves too "aristocratic" for such association with a cultivated gentleman—of color.

—Temperance people were represented by Ginn & Porter, solicitors, and their clerk named Beer, in opposing the granting of licenses lately at Davenport, England. Mr. Sturgeon, of the Fishermen's Arms, got his license renewed.

Notes and Queries

Has any nation ever succeeded with bimetallism when the bullion value of the coins of the two metals has differed by more than two or three per cent.? What reason is there to suppose that all the nations combined could accomplish what no one of them singly, nor the Latin Union, has ever done? Suppose that all the principal nations of the world should agree upon a ratio of 31 to 1, and should immediately begin to recoin all their silver coins, is not it probable that the fall in silver would render these new coins of less than their face value even before the mints could finish the recoining, when then recoin them all over, and so on ad infinitum? The sooner the chimera of international bimetallism is dropped, the sooner this silver craze will be ended. If every one could understand that bimetallism is a contradiction of terms and a mathematical impossibility, it would not take long to settle this muddle. We might as well have two yardsticks of different lengths, or two bushels of different capacity, as to have two measures of value in our money.

A. J. B.

France alone maintained bimetallism from 1803 to the formation of the Latin Union in 1865. The relative value of silver and gold bullion in London never varied three per cent. from the French ratio, except during the Napoleonic wars. In France both metals were coined each year, though there was a charge for coining them, and both were at par in ordinary business.

A reader of The Outlook is desirous of obtaining the words of a song composed and sung in Buffalo, N. Y., in 1848, by the famous "Family of Hutchinson Singers;" only the following words can be recalled; the song was entitled "The Buffalo Horn:"

"Let the rivers sing tenor,
Old Ocean roar bass."
Chorus:
"Wind the horn, wind the horn,
Till Earth's mourning millions
From slavery are borne."

Can some one inform where they can be obtained? The last survivor of the family, John W. Hutchinson, sang a portion of the hymn "There is no Darkness There," at a funeral in New York City in April last.

READER.

Possibly the "History of the Hutchinson Family," by J. W. Hutchinson, just published by Lee & Shepard, may have it.

It was not John Bunyan, but John Bradford, who said, "There goes —— but for the grace of God." Please give me any information about Mrs. Oliphant, the authoress, who writes so many charming Scottish tales.

W. B.

Any good encyclopædia will give a sketch of Mrs. Oliphant's life.

In a recent issue of The Outlook the puzzle commencing "I sit on a rock" is a trifle incorrect at the close. It should read,

"My weight is three *pounds*, etc.,
. . . . . .
My first and my last is the *pride* of our isle."

The word "rain" answers some of the conditions. When the storm begins, large drops often lie far apart, one on a rock, here and there. The "reine" (queen) has kings at her feet. A "reign" is seen by the world, but known to few. As an English puzzle, R. N. (Royal Navy) might be called the pride of the isle. I should be glad if any one will complete the interpretation.

A. L. H.

Can some subscriber please give a key to an old steel engraving entitled "Sir Walter Scott and his Literary Friends at Abbotsford"—"original painting by Thomas Faed, A.R.S.A., engraved by James Faed, dedicated to Alexander Dennistoun, Esq., of Golfhill, proprietor of the original picture, by his most obedient servant James Keith, and published 2d January, 1854, by James Keith, 60 Princess Street, Edinburgh, and William Stevens and Williams, New York"? It is a valuable picture, and I should appreciate it very much if some one who has a key would publish the names of those in the engraving, naming them from one side to the other, or tell where a key could be obtained.

J. U. B.

A subscriber asks for a work or two on the parable of the unjust steward. If you would kindly refer him to "The Parables of Jesus Christ Explained," by the Rev. J. Clowes. I think he would derive much satisfaction from its perusal. The book mentioned can be obtained of the "New-Church Book Association," 2129 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia; price, $1.

I. W. H.

The question of "F. I. E.," in your issue of September 19, carries me back to 1850, when the song "Mary O'er the Wild Moor" was a familiar one in Portland, Maine. It was arranged for a piano accompaniment, and copies of it can still, doubtless, be found in many old volumes of "bound music."

J. L. E.

Would the person who answered the question regarding the poem asked for by "M. L.," entitled "Outside the Gates," be willing to send me a copy? I should be greatly obliged for it.

MRS. HORACE FASSITT.
125 South Twelfth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

If the correspondent who lately asked for information about teaching deaf-mutes lip-reading will send address, we shall be pleased to forward a letter on the subject.

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The Silver Question

Contradictions

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In your summary of Mr. Harrison's Carnegie Hall speech (Outlook, September 5), it appears that "Mr. Harrison did not believe that the free coinage of silver could raise the value of silver bullion at all. It would simply mean a 'fifty-cent dollar.' . . . The only person helped besides the debtor, he declared, would be the mine-owner, who would be allowed to use this Government to add fifty cents to the value of every dollar's worth of metal he produces from his mines."

To the common mind this is a flat contradiction. If "free coinage will add nothing to the value of silver bullion," the mine-owner will not be advantaged. If free-coinage will "add fifty cents to the value of every dollar's worth of metal produced from the mines," there can be no "fifty-cent dollar."

In The Outlook of September 12 Mr. Schurz is said to have declared "that the change from the present standard to free coinage of silver would mean . . . the fall of prices; that the wage-earners would suffer because paid in a depreciated currency." The contradiction is apparent to any mind above idiocy.

Mr. Harrison and Mr. Schurz have enjoyed reputations for clear thinking and honesty. Do they not think this is a time for clear thinking and honesty?

D. M. N.

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Pertinent Questions

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In your issue of September 12 Mr. George G. Waite asserts that the world's stock of silver is to the world's stock of gold as 16 to 1, and he leaves us to infer that 16 to 1 is, therefore, the natural coinage ratio. Are we to be expected to change our coinage ratio to conform to the varying proportion of the mass of silver to the mass of gold? If so, what is gained by abandoning a variable commercial ratio? If not, why should we take the mass ratio into consideration now?

Again, if it be established that the proportion of the mass of silver to the mass of gold is and will remain 16 to 1, it will be found that the ratio of the bulk of silver, computed in measures of extension, to the bulk of gold is about 28 to 1—approximating our present commercial ratio almost as closely as the mass ratio approximates the present mint ratios. Why is not 28 to 1 the natural and proper coinage ratio?

The truth is that any ratio based solely upon the relative supply of the two metals will remain arbitrary and false until it is proved that the demand for a certain quantity of gold is greater in precisely that ratio than the demand for the same quantity of silver. I take it that this cannot be proved for any except the commercial ratio. Can it be demonstrated that the world will always use exactly 16 times as much silver as gold? Is 16 to 1 the final measure of man's preference of gold to silver as money?

It is estimated by the officials of the mint that the world is using as money four-tenths of the gold and four-tenths of the silver produced in the last four hundred years. It cannot be supposed that the demand for four-tenths of any product will fix the price for the whole without regard to the fate of the other six-tenths. Can it be demonstrated that the demand for gold in the arts is and will continue to be precisely 16 times as strong as the demand for silver from the same source? What fixed relation does the demand for gold watches bear to the demand for silver spoons?

It would seem to me that the advocates of free coinage at 16 to 1 ought to prove the rigidity of both supply and demand and refute the records for one hundred years before they can have a moral right to believe that free coinage at that ratio will raise the price of an ounce of silver to $1.29 in gold.

J. F. L.

Hutchinson, Kan.

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Dollars and Yardsticks

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Your correspondent "H. S. L.," to me, seems to fall into what is an error in comparing the "dollar to a yardstick."

The Government, at great expense, has established measures called pound, yard, bushel, etc. These are unchangeable measures.

The Government allows the public to make duplicates of these for the purpose of measuring commodities to be exchanged.

The Government has also established an unchangeable measure with which to measure the dollar, whether of gold or silver, called a *Mint*. The public are not allowed to make a duplicate of this for their use. The Government does the measuring, declares the dollar's weight and fineness, and makes it a legal tender in all exchanges.

It is declared by the Government to be 100 cents. It also declares the bushel to be so many pounds or quarts. How, then, can there be a fifty-cent dollar, any more than an eighteen-inch yardstick?

Bushels and dollars may be compared and exchanged. There is no analogy between dollars and yardsticks.

T. H. E.

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Is This So?

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Will you permit an occasional reader, who has had considerable difficulty in forming a judgment of the merits of the respective sides of the present political controversy, to invite your attention to an aspect of the question at issue which has had a determining effect upon his own anticipated action? Having had occasion last week to visit an important town in Indiana, I was struck with the number of silver dollars in circulation, and upon inquiry learned that several large establishments had lately afforded their employees an object-lesson of what would happen under a Bryan Administration, by paying them, in some cases to the amount of forty or fifty dollars, in silver coin only. I was told further (my informant was a shopkeeper, whose manner indicated complete indifference as to who won the election) that every employee in certain railway shops situated in that town had been compelled to sign a paper pledging himself to vote for McKinley. It is a matter of the greatest difficulty to verify a report of this kind, and in the present instance I had no time to attempt it, but rumors of this kind of interference are too common in every part of the country to be entirely without foundation. Have we not here a symptom of the disease which, in the opinion of most earnest students of our institutions, constitutes the gravest danger to which our republican form of government is ever likely to be exposed? The power of wealth and its unscrupulous use in the hands of great corporations—compared with this the dangers threatened by the free coinage of silver sink into insignificance. It is, in the light of present facts and his past career, impossible not to believe that to a very considerable extent Mr. Hanna, the Republican campaign manager, embodies in his person the very influence and tendencies of which we are bidden beware. The inquiry, therefore, seems a pertinent one—what is to be the nature and extent of his influence over the man whom, in the event of McKinley's success, he will have done so much to elect? It seems to me certain that this influence can be neither small nor insignificant; and while this is my belief, I cannot consent to vote for the candidate likely to come under it.

J. K. P.

New York City.

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Free Silver a Menace to Missions

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I have heard of no one discussing what to me and to the churches that have missions in silver countries is a real danger. Officers of missionary societies must, because of their official position, know the danger that overhangs us, but are debarred by custom and fear of angering certain sections and individuals from mentioning these facts in public print. They must do their talking for the churches through the several church organs, and there is not one church periodical that may discuss a question so closely connected with party politics. The Outlook is doing all the churches much service in giving to its large constituency so candid a discussion of this intricate problem.

I have lived for ten years in India under silver. Half of the time it was free coinage. When I arrived in India in 1884, I had English money to change into rupees. I received 12½ rupees for each pound. When I left India for my furlough in January, 1895, I had a small amount of savings which I had to turn into gold for use by the way. I had to pay 19⅛ rupees for a pound.

I was paid, on a silver basis, a fixed sum each of my ten years in India. My allowance did not vary, but its purchasing power did. The whole time silver was robbing me. In the exchange it doubly robbed me. Our condition as missionaries became so serious on account of the rise in value of everything else, and the fixed and unchanging number of rupees we were drawing, that we had to appeal to the Church at home to put us on a gold basis.

Our allowances had been fixed when silver was at a premium, and the amount was supposed to be just what we needed to live on, and leave a small amount over for emergencies. Its purchasing power depreciated so that we had nothing left for emergencies, and most of us could not make ends meet. Instead of being a *living* allowance, it became a *starving* one. We all willingly accepted about $200 less on the gold basis than we would have been receiving had silver kept at par with gold; yet in getting this lesser amount we added over 25 per cent. to our silver income; *i.e.*, a man who had in 1879 received $600 was getting the same number of rupees in 1895 that his $600 had purchased then, but the society was purchasing them with about $350. Such a person gladly accepted $450 in gold as an adjusted allowance.

I see in free silver nothing but great danger for all our societies. The problem is simple. A certain mission needs, to sustain its work, two lakhs—that is, 200,000 rupees per year. To-day, at the current rate of exchange, it will take only about $58,000 to purchase this amount in India. But note: a rupee is a silver coin identical with our silver half-dollar. If we go to a silver standard, then the silver rupee will be worth its weight value in our money, viz., a half-dollar. It is evident, then, that to purchase the needed rupees, 200,000, we must pay out $100,000, or $42,000 more than we now pay. Multiply this loss rate by the number of missions being supported by American churches in silver countries, and the aggregate is a very large sum, a sum more than we can hope the Church to reach for a long time to come.

I know the silver advocate will say, "But silver will appreciate, your rupee will be worth more, and with the better times that we expect, people will give more money to missions." The argument is fallacious, at least so far as the giving is concerned. The people are *very* few who will give in the promised "better times" twice as much as now. They will say, "I gave a dollar last year, I ought to do better now," and a quarter more will ease the conscience.

The question of appreciation is one too deep for me to argue; but I cannot see, I do not believe, that there will be appreciation enough to cover one-third of the loss. It behooves those who are interested in missions to vote to keep our dollar on a gold basis. The great success in recent years is largely due to the fact that our gold currency would go so far in its purchasing power in the lands where missionaries are sent. It seems to me that it is in the line of God's providence that, while heathen lands are all silver countries, the lands that send out the missionaries are all gold-basis countries. Will Christian voters lend their influence to reverse this, God's order? I feel certain that a free-silver victory in the United States will mean a twenty-year setback in the mission world.

N. L. R.

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Mexico and Silver

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In the present widespread discussion of the ubiquitous "money question," the supporters of either side are wont to have recourse to the practical illustrations afforded by those countries already recognizing silver, in part or in whole, as the standard of their currency systems. It is unquestionably true that the average voter is bound to be impressed to a much greater degree by the concrete example offered by the relative prosperity of such a country than by any number of theories which lack an experimental basis. In this connection, our sister Republic of Mexico has recently assumed an unusual importance in the eyes of many of the politicians of this country, and a large amount of information (?) regarding the condition of that Republic, both internal and external, has in consequence diffused itself among the readers of newspapers in various parts of the United States. The quality of this information, as well as the authenticity of its diverse sources, may be not inaccurately estimated by the diametrically opposite conclusions arrived at by many of those who claim to be guided to any material extent by the results of the free coinage of silver as exemplified in the existing condition of the Republic of Mexico. For instance, one of your correspondents writes that a contemplation of the present prosperity enjoyed by Mexico under substantially silver monometallism has been largely instrumental in converting him from a belief in the gold standard to bimetallism. On the other hand, I have seen repeated references in our Boston newspapers to the suffering inhabitants of that country just to the south of us, whose prospects for the present at least have been all but blighted by the insurmountable handicap of "free silver."

I am of the opinion that we may glean considerable of value by a consideration of the present and past conditions of some of those countries which have based their currency, in part or in whole, upon silver; and the case of Mexico is probably of greater utility to us in this respect than that of any other country in the Western Hemisphere. Nevertheless, in view of some vital, inherent differences in the social and economic systems of the two Republics, the evidence which may be afforded by a comparison of Mexico with this country is necessarily of somewhat limited application, and, on the whole, would hardly be called strictly conclusive.

I had occasion to visit Mexico some two or three years ago, and during quite a prolonged sojourn there was able to observe the industrial conditions of the country in somewhat more than a merely superficial manner. That country was then feeling acutely the

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effects of the panic of 1893. Her currency, which the year before had readily brought 90 cents on the dollar in exchange for United States money, had rapidly depreciated in marketable value to 52 and 53 cents. Importations had declined at a rate almost surpassing the fall in currency, and those interested in that trade were quite discouraged. The Government, too, with its interest-bearing gold bonds, was quite embarrassed in efforts to promptly meet its obligations. Owing to the sudden artificial depreciation in the market value of its money, the Government was forced to pay interest at rates equivalent to 15 and 18 per cent. The internal conditions of the country, though not seriously disturbed, felt the reflection of the prevailing depression. In a word, the general feeling was that of discouragement. But this was only temporary. The prevailing sentiment to-day, so far as I have ascertained from reliable sources, is that free silver, instead of being an "unmitigated evil," has been a blessing in disguise. At any rate, whatever the cause, all classes seem to bear evidence of an unexampled prosperity throughout the Republic; and I believe that the consensus of opinion there decidedly favors a continuance of the present silver standard.

One of your correspondents recently quoted from a writer in the "Independent" certain statements reflecting on the condition of the working classes, so called, in Mexico. Every one will admit that the observations of a man journeying through a country (as was the case of the writer quoted) must necessarily be more or less superficial in their nature, and the interpretation of apparent facts often inaccurate.

As a matter of fact, too, it is hardly possible to rationally institute a general comparison between the working classes of Mexico and the United States.

The population of Mexico is about twelve millions, and may be roughly divided for all practical purposes into three groups:

1st. The whites, consisting of the descendants of the early Spanish settlers, and others of foreign extraction.

2d. The "Mexicans proper," as they are sometimes called—a mixed race of white and Indian blood.

3d. The descendants of the aboriginal Indians. These last-named constitute about three-fifths or two-thirds of the total population of the country, and are practically pure Indian. They represent substantially the laboring class in Mexico.

The Indians are still a comparatively undeveloped race. Illiteracy is, of course, the rule and not the exception. The standard of living that obtains among such a people has no comparison with that of the United States. The diet is very simple and exceedingly inexpensive, and the channels for spending money are practically confined to strictly physical necessities. Fifteen or twenty cents a day may yet sometimes serve well enough to support a man, and in some parts of the country a family; although, happily, there is every reason to believe that the standard of living is yearly growing higher. It can easily be shown that the average wage in Mexico bears a rather more satisfactory relation to the cost of living than in most other countries. A very recent correspondent, a resident of Mexico, and an acknowledged authority, states that in many places railroad contractors are paying as high as a dollar a day. Miners are receiving from $1.50 to $2 for a day's work; and down in the hot country, where coffee and other agricultural productions are grown, wages range from 50 to 75 cents per day and rations. He further states that longshoremen at the ports make from $2 to $4 a day. The average Mexican mechanic receives from 62 to 75 cents a day, but a bright American would probably do the work of four of them. Mexicans who become as skilled as foreigners receive correspondingly good wages; and in the mechanical lines they sometimes obtain from $4 to $10 per day. There can be no doubt, I think, that the condition of the laboring classes is decidedly in advance of that of ten years ago. Wages are steadily rising, and must continue to keep pace with the improving standard of living. Laborers could to-day unquestionably obtain a much larger share in that which they produce were there anything like a concerted demand for it, such as might accompany a more advanced stage of civilization. This fact could easily be demonstrated by quoting the dividends paid by many manufacturing concerns. It is generally believed that the prosperity of a country is to be measured very largely by the steady employment and consequent contentment of its producing classes or wage-earners; and if we apply this test to Mexico, I think it will be admitted that she is eminently prosperous.

The tourist in Mexico cannot but be unpleasantly impressed by the beggar class, especially in evidence at the railroad stations where it habitually congregates. Your correspondent already referred to again quotes from the "Independent" in this connection; but I believe that the fact, when properly interpreted, quite loses its significance. Begging among the Indians, generally speaking, is not looked upon in the light of a dishonorable calling, and is taken as a matter of course. The profession is not confined to the crippled or unfortunate by any means. It is stated on very good authority that there is to-day really no excuse for a man to be idle in Mexico; and begging is usually the result of a choice of pursuits. But this is a matter which has to do with evolution rather than with finance.

Referring once more to the quotation by your correspondent, I note that the writer questions the adequacy of the "Mexican cart-wheel dollar" to meet the demands of "what an American considers the necessaries of life." The cost of living in the City of Mexico is unquestionably high, and the figures quoted by the writer in the "Independent" are quite applicable to the conditions there. In most other parts of the Republic, however, living expenses are considerably lower. However, those who hold to the American standard of living receive correspondingly higher salaries. Foreign labor, especially American, is much more efficient than native, and receives a proportionate compensation. Good American mechanics, for instance, ordinarily obtain $5 per day; clerical workers from $75 to $150 per month. In the City of Mexico good American board may be obtained at about one dollar per day, and after adding the cost of rent, clothes, etc., there is left a margin to those who affect the American standard of living which will compare rather more favorably with that shown in the United States.

It seems to me that the weight of evidence, so far as it has any substance, in the case of Mexico favors the side of silver. The circumstances attending the depreciation of the currency of that country, and the rapid rise in foreign exchange, have served a number of practical purposes. It is admitted that the resources of the country, under ordinary conditions, would not have developed in the same ratio that has resulted from the impetus given by the sudden rise in the prices of foreign goods. The industrial progress has been especially noteworthy. The railroads, which at first thought that their incomes would be very seriously depleted by the falling off of foreign trade, have, by the rapid internal development of the country, steadily increased their receipts. The enlarged demand for products of home manufacture has stimulated the industries of the country in a way heretofore unprecedented. New establishments in various lines have appeared in rapid succession, giving employment to an increasing number of wage-earners. Business confidence, as understood in the United States, has never been seriously impaired, and failures have been practically unknown. There is no lack of confidence among either Mexican or foreign capitalists. The recent purchase by a foreign syndicate of the street railway system of the City of Mexico at a cost of six millions of dollars gold, and the large additional outlay which will be required to equip the same with electricity, is a case in point. Heavy investments are constantly being made by capitalists from the United States. And Mexico, it will be remembered, is confined to the single silver standard.

A. W. S.

Correspondence

Not Misstatement

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I see that I am accused of "misstatements" in my article on the "Humors of the Single Tax" in your number of August 15. I have only this to say, that all the *facts* (though not, of course, the opinions) in that article were taken direct, without exception, from the files of "Justice," the Single-Tax newspaper. This was done in order that the article might be as fair as possible, and I am sorry that the result does not seem to please your Single-Tax correspondent.

PRISCILLA LEONARD.

An Ignoble Story

To the Editors of The Outlook:

You published a very remarkable story of the Civil War in your paper of September 12, under the title "Among the Camp-Fires." But one must hope, for the sake of our common humanity and for the good name of our Union soldiers, that it may yet prove not to be quite true! What must our boys think of those twelve officers who were willing, each in turn, to help betray a brother officer into a trap! What shall we think of men in the pay and solemn service of the Nation who make "fun" of serving, as Colonel Chapman's dupes, to lead their fellows into ambuscade and imprisonment! The laws of war surely nowhere require a prisoner to play the part of a traitor, to help catch his own men, any more than to help shoot them down. Was there no true soldier among all those officers to stand up like a man to Colonel Chapman and say, "I am your prisoner, but I will be no catspaw of yours to help you take prisoners?" Any one of those officers ought to have been ready to be shot rather than to call another man into the Confederate Colonel's hands. But any officer ought to have known that Colonel Chapman would not have dared or wished to shoot a soldier for refusing to do an unsoldierly deed.

I call the story an ignoble one, and I still hope that it is not true.

C. T. D.

The Housewife

who has once used Cleveland's baking powder gladly recommends it to her friends. It makes such fine bread and cake, and is so sure to do the work just right, that she is always glad to have them know about it.

Cleveland's, Pure and Sure.

Lectures at Union Seminary

During the next three months a course of ten public lectures is to be delivered at Union Theological Seminary, No. 700 Park Avenue, in this city, on the general subject of Christian Worship. The opening lecture is appointed for October 2, at noon, and its subject is announced as the Principles of Christian Worship. Succeeding lectures will be as follows: "Primitive Christian Liturgies," by the Rev. Prof. A. V. G. Allen, of the Protestant Episcopal Divinity School, Cambridge, Mass.; "Greek Liturgies," by the Rev. Prof. Egbert C. Smyth, of Andover Theological Seminary; "Roman Liturgies," by the Ven. Rev. Charles C. Tiffany, D.D., of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of New York; "Lutheran Liturgies," by Professor Henry E. Jacobs, D.D., of the Lutheran Seminary in Philadelphia; "Liturgies of the Reformed Churches," by Professor William Rupp, D.D., of the Reformed Seminary at Lancaster, Pa.; "The Book of Common Prayer," by the Rev. William R. Huntington, D.D., of Grace Church, New York; "The Book of Common Order and the Directory of Worship," by the Rev. Principal Allan Pollok, D.D., of the Presbyterian College, Halifax; "Worship in Non-Liturgical Churches," by the Rev. George Dana Boardman, D.D., of Philadelphia; and on "The Ideal of Christian Worship," by President Thomas S. Hastings, D.D., of Union Seminary. These lectures are to be open to the public. They are fixed for successive Fridays in October, November, and December, and will occupy an hour each. The opening lecture will be delivered by the Rev Charles Cuthbert Hall, D.D., of Brooklyn.

The Armenian Fund

Previously acknowledged	$7,696 62
M. L. H.	5 20
Junior Society Christian Endeavor, Yankton, S. Dak.	5 50
E. O., New York City	3 00
Total	$7,710 32

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At Greenacre

By Helen Campbell

Something more than seriousness was in the faces of the group who, as the doors of the little meeting-room in the old orchard of the Alcott house at Concord closed for the last time in August, 1887, turned with sorrow toward the homeward path. One by one the leaders of the Concord School of Philosophy had fallen—Emerson first, Alcott later, their spirit lingering, yet hardly vital, in the last year or so of the work.

From the beginning of this work the profane smiled often, the initiates no less, for strange men and stranger women made part of the notable assembly, and mysterious theories in more mysterious words, like the Scotch minister's sermon, "joombled the joodgment and confoonded the sense." The then solitary cab-driver of Concord expressed his own emotions as to the methods and manners of one expounder of the faith in the parting words, "Thank God! that's the last of them philosophers!" But that alters not in the least the fact that, in a generation given to all ways of strenuous money-getting, this point stood as representative of a thought untouched by personal aims, noble and high.

This could hardly well be otherwise when our deepest thinkers and students in philosophy and psychology, with their involved educational, ethical, and sociological aspects, were the speakers, and gave the best that life had brought them.

When its last hour came, however, there seemed no place for further work of the same order. Criticism had done its utmost. The varying schools of thought had not harmonized, nor could argument, no matter how impassioned, make the thought a unit.

This was the summary of it all, and the body was laid peacefully away, side by side, as it were, with the masters whose thought had given it life. A year or two later the Plymouth School of Ethics began a characteristic work, but for lack of interest suspended temporarily, to reorganize presently on another footing.

Quietly falling into line, with 1894 there opened at Greenacre, Eliot, Me., on the banks of the beautiful Piscataqua, Whittier's favorite river, an inconspicuous summer school. Is it significant of the new thought of woman—the new hope that the work of the world must henceforth know the woman's hand as guiding side by side with that of man—that its founder and leader is a woman? Over the tents of the little camp near Greenacre Inn floats the white flag with the legend "Peace," and by it wave the Stars and Stripes, each a symbol of the spirit that rules the place.

It is to Miss Sarah J. Farmer, daughter of the well-known scientist and reformer, Moses P. Farmer, whose beautiful home, "Bittersweet," was and is the headquarters of all good things, that the school owes its inception. A woman of singularly refined and beautiful presence, with a face in which Quaker serenity is blended with an intellectual quality felt at every turn, she has set her seal on the work to be accomplished and embodied in the programme for 1896, the opening sentences of which read:

> The Greenacre Lectures were established in 1894 with the express purpose of bringing together all who are looking earnestly forward toward the new day which is surely breaking over the entire world, and, by the recognition of truths held in common, to bring peace and unity throughout the world.
>
> The platform is broadly ethical and purely humanitarian, embracing all constructive phases of progressive thought. The programme for the summer of 1896 has been arranged with a desire to quicken, energize, and harmonize the spiritual, mental, and moral natures, and so give the surest physical rest.
>
> Rest is not quitting life's busy career;
> Rest is but fitting the soul to its sphere.

Beginning with July 1, and ending with September 2, the Greenacre work of this year divided itself into conferences, usually a week in length, the opening three days being devoted to a Peace Conference, July Fourth being made Peace Day *par excellence*. The Conference of Comparative Religions followed, and week by week came Education, The Home, Anthropology, Evolution, Nature, Art, Sociology, the work comprising a morning lecture with discussion, and an occasional one in the evening, a School of Music and of Expression of a very high order, with numerous other classes giving occupation to all who wished for definite special work.

John Fiske, Lester F. Ward, Edward Powell, Dr. Lewis G. Janes, Dr. William T. Harris, Edwin D. Mead, Frank Sanborn, and a long series of well-known names, guarantee the quality of the lectures, while in the Montsalvat School of Comparative Religions, Hindu and Parsee, Jew and Buddhist, added their store of learning.

Personally, having deep affection for the Concord School and its memories, I went to Greenacre with some inward misgivings. But, in camp and inn, in the big tent which serves as auditorium, under the great pine where the Swami Saradananda taught his morning class or held his sunset service—at every turn where people came together, one was at once conscious of a peculiar sweet friendliness and open-mindedness. These are the distinguishing traits in the character of the organizer, and they are strong enough to have infused themselves into the life and spirit and all external expression of both at Greenacre.

It seems reasonable, in face of the work already accomplished, in the knowledge of the type of men and women who shared it, to believe that the natural and even better-endowed successor to the Concord School has appeared, and, with good financial management, may take a place unique of its kind, and destined to point the way to similar schools throughout the country. The simplicity of its life is its greatest charm. Nor will the modern hotel or the modern stock company and its methods be allowed to work their will, since "plain living and high thinking" are a part of the founder's creed. In short, we have in Greenacre, in many respects, the best type of summer school, and a thought that carries with it the promise and the peace that make its atmosphere and diffuse themselves from it.

About People

—President Kruger of late has been getting very deaf. The malady is, in the opinion of his medical advisers, due to excessive smoking.

—A London postman, with his ten sons, five of whom are in the post-office service, made one side in a recent cricket-match on Thornton Heath, and beat their opponents.

—Mme. Modjeska has six hundred hives of Italian bees on her California estate, and sells much honey every autumn. The flowers of the white sage, which abounds in California, produce some of the finest honey in the world.

—A committee of notabilities from all parts of Holland has been appointed to consider a national gift to the Queen Regent in 1898, in recognition of the manner in which she has carried on the government of the State during the minority of the Queen.

—It is said that the festivities upon the occasion of the marriage of the Prince of Naples and Princess Helene of Montenegro will be upon a scale unprecedented in Italy. Judged by the scale of his preparations, King Humbert will spend out of his privy purse over $50,000.

—A Swiss paper recently announced the arrival of "Sir Labouchere, Member of the Chamber of Lords of Great Britain, and Vice-President of the Honorable Company of the South African Indies." "Poor Labby!" comments an English paper; "to think that all his efforts to sit upon the Chartered Company should end in this!"

—A bust of Lamartine was dedicated recently in Milly, Saône-et-Loire, France. The bust, which is on a simple pedestal, is to replace a little monument which long ago crumbled to pieces. It was at Milly that Lamartine passed his infancy and youth. The château in which he lived is still in existence, but it is no longer in the possession of his family.

—Austria has just lost her most distinguished Alpinist in the person of Dr. Drasch, who was killed in a very unusual manner while ascending the Morchner Alp, in the Zillerthal, the other day. It seems that he got within 300 yards of the summit, when he slipped. As he fell the rope which connected him with his companions became twisted around his neck and strangled him.

—King Leopold of Belgium has one subject who is ready to show his independence. M. Vandendriesche bought a lot in front of the King's villa at Ostend and built a house on it that interfered with the King's view. The King remonstrated, whereupon M. Vandendriesche pulled his house down and built a twelve-story iron hotel on the lot.

—The Queen of Denmark has just celebrated her seventy-ninth birthday. She has shown plenty of courage in her time. The withered hand that she bears was due to a mauling it received in youthful days from a tame tiger which attacked her in play. Though she was seriously hurt, she realized the importance of not showing fear, and drew the animal with her to a place where she could call on the palace guards to shoot it.

—The Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals at Heiligendamm, a fashionable seaside resort on the Baltic, recently pointed out that the pigeon-shooting practiced by the aristocratic visitors of the place ought to be stopped. A number of gentlemen engaged in the "sport" were arrested and fined. One of them gave his name as Graf v. Schwerin, and it was not until some time afterward that the police discovered that they had arrested their sovereign, the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg, who was staying incognito at Heiligendamm.

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The Mount Meigs Village School

Hearing, as we so often do at Hampton Institute, through Mr. B. T. Washington, of the great need of helpers in the Black Belt of Alabama, I gave up my position at the Institute and came to the village of Mount Meigs, Montgomery County, Ala. I found the people anxious to lengthen their school term from three and a half to eight months. Meetings had been held among the people during summer in the interest of the school, but nothing was done except to write for the teacher.

The school was opened, October, 1893, in a cabin twelve by thirteen feet. The people were busy picking cotton, so only four scholars came to school the first month. By the middle of November the cabin was overcrowded; then the old church near by was lent till a house could be built. The men of the village bought three acres of ground, and, with the assistance of one carpenter, built the house, eighteen by thirty-six feet, themselves. With a little help from the friends North, the people paid up the bills on this house and land as best they could, from their own scanty earnings, the first year.

The families who sent children to this school were taxed an entrance fee of one dollar each; the children were taxed a certain sum each month; this money was used to run the school and pay the teacher. Quite a large number of scholars came, filling up our new house the first year, and so many applied for entrance the following fall that it was found necessary to build a larger house and employ more teachers. During the summer of '94 an appeal was made to the friends North in behalf of this larger work; funds were given, but not enough to start work.

One more of Hampton's graduates was employed as teacher the second term, and two others gave their services for board one term; so we had four teachers, instead of one as at first.

Our new house was soon overcrowded, and we had to go back to the church till a larger one could be built. The school-house was then made a home for the teachers.

A neat two-story building now stands about one hundred yards from the old church, and fifty yards from the first house built at the village for the school. This house, the result of two years of hard, up-hill struggle, was completed last April, 1896, is 52x52 feet, has four recreation-rooms, and one large assembly-room that will seat 300 scholars. The entire cost of the new house, including furnishings and two coats of paint, was $1,980. The colored people of the village contributed $500 of this amount themselves; the rest of the bill was nearly paid off by our friends North. Our entire school debt at present is $464.30. Our school started three years ago with four scholars and one teacher in a small cabin. It now numbers 225 scholars, four teachers, two buildings valued at $2,000, and three acres of ground.

The whole place has undergone a great change. The children in school now do not look at all as they did my first year among them. The girls are learning to sew, cut, and fit clothes. Homes on the plantations, where most of these children live, are kept much better now, through the influence of the Women's Conference here, than ever before; neighborhoods are improving generally.

Three of our Trustees, under the inspiration of the Negro Conference held at Tuskegee every year, are buying a plantation together.

The colored people of the village have made many sacrifices to get this school under way, giving part of their earnings even when cotton was four cents per pound. In the three years since the school started they have given $1,079.20 to its support. The mothers and fathers, with the children, are still working hard to keep the school going. They look on it, with all of its new conveniences and advantages, as their real "Land of Canaan."

Our Board of Trustees was incorporated under the laws of Alabama last term, and numbers nine members—two white and seven colored. The white men are Dr. J. C. Nicholson, the leading man of Mount Meigs, and Professor W. B. Paterson, Principal of the State Normal School of Montgomery City, Ala. Mr. Booker T. Washington is also a member of our Board, and it was through him that I have the great privilege of working with these people at Mount Meigs. Dr. Nicholson did us invaluable service last term by visiting our educational meetings, held among the people, and advising as well as encouraging the people to keep up their school. He says that our school is not only helping and educating the colored people, but that the white people are being helped too.

Our six local trustees, chosen from among the colored people of our immediate neighborhood, have done and are still doing good, solid, earnest work for the school. Mr. F. D. Banks, who is head bookkeeper at Hampton Institute, has kindly consented to be our school treasurer, and we are very glad to have such valuable aid in our work.

Our object in planting this day-school in the midst of these old plantations is to bring out the boys and girls from the cabins and "quarters," give them a taste for better things, then send them to Tuskegee or Hampton, where they can be better fitted for work among our people than it is possible to do in a small school. We heartily thank our friends North for all the help they have given in getting this house built, for in this way they have helped us to help ourselves. We are expecting two hundred and fifty scholars next term and four teachers. Now, in order to go forward with this important work, we shall need your assistance still. We need from our friends North $400 on teachers' salaries. Five dollars will pay a scholarship; eighty scholarships will give us the $400. We need six stoves to warm up our big school-house.

Anything in the way of old clothes, books, papers, lamps, bedding, and material for sewing classes will be thankfully received, and could be sent by freight to Scotia Station, Mt. Meigs Village, Ala. Any amount in the way of money will be thankfully received, and money-orders, checks, or drafts could be sent to Mr. F. D. Banks, our Treasurer, at Hampton Institute, or directly to Miss Georgia Washington, Principal of "People's School," Mount Meigs Village, Ala.

Yours in the work,
GEORGIA WASHINGTON.
Mount Meigs Village, Ala.

A negro preacher who has been carrying on a protracted meeting in Stewart County was asked how he got on with the meeting. "First rate," said he; "I made seventy convicts the first night."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

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Stories of Millais

A good art-critic story of the late Sir John Millais was told recently by his son, Mr. J. G. Millais. Almost the last work that Sir Edwin Landseer was engaged on was a life-sized picture of Nell Gwynne passing through an archway on a white palfrey. This picture, in which the horse alone was finished, was bought by one of the Rothschild family and given to Sir John Millais to complete. One morning a celebrated art critic called, and was much impressed with his work. "Ah, to be sure," he said, going up close and examining the deerhound, which almost breathed, in the foreground of the picture; "how easily one can recognize Landseer's dogs! Wonderful, isn't it?" "Yes, it is wonderful," remarked Sir John, lighting another pipe; "I finished painting that dog yesterday morning, and I have done the whole of it myself."

Asked on one occasion to say a few words of advice to boys, Sir John Millais said: "My advice to all boys is, 'Work!' They can't all be geniuses, but they can all work, and without work even the most brilliant genius will be of very little good. I never recommend any one to be an artist; it is a wretchedly disappointing profession for most, and is terribly overcrowded. If a boy has got a real calling to be an artist, he will be one without being recommended. Scores and scores of people bring their children to me and ask me if I should advise them to bring them up as painters, and I always say, 'Certainly not.' But, whatever a boy intends to be, he must grind at it; study all the minutest details, not scamp any of the uninteresting elementary part, but work away so as to be thoroughly well up in all ground-work of the subject." It is interesting to remember in this connection that Sir John as a boy never ceased using his pencil. He was sketching every minute of the day.

When a dinner was given at the Arts Club on Leighton's appointment as President, Millais was in the chair. He made an admirable speech—frank, sympathetic, eloquent, unstudied. They congratulated him on it, saying they had no idea he had that gift of oratory, or could speak so well and so spontaneously. "Spontaneous!" he said; "why, that wretched speech has kept me awake for the last five weeks!" And here is another illustrating his ever-ready good nature. "Let me see you into your carriage," he said to the wife of a well-known artist. "I'll ask you to show me a greater kindness," said she. "Will you go up to the studio and help my husband, who has got into a tight place with his picture?" He went at once, straight from that shop door, saw the picture, and, with a bit of chalk, and afterwards with a pencil and a bit of paper, got that painter out of his tight place.

The Future of the Sahara

M. Bonnel de Mezières, member of the Maistre and Attanoux Missions, has, says the Paris correspondent of the London "Daily News," expressed his opinion on the future of the Sahara, to the effect that there is no doubt that that immense sand ocean will be in time changed into a fruitful territory. He says:

"The Sahara rivers which I have crossed all hide a rich subterranean stratum of water, and form the natural passages to the Sudan, on which, with very little trouble, vegetation can be largely developed. In the south of Temassinin and in the Igharghars there are groves of tamarind, gum trees, etc., of two miles long, scarcely separated by grassy and clover-covered plains. The rivers, which in spring are full of water, are from three to ten miles wide. When the water retreats, the beds of the river are changed into rich meadows. The date-seeds planted by Flatters at El-Biod have grown without the least care into fine trees, and the same is the fact also of the seeds planted near the cisterns of Tébalbalet, in spite of the inconsiderate manner in which the Tuaregs get in the harvest. Trees are not so rare in the Sahara as is supposed. The Tuaregs often assured our expedition that we should have to march for two or three days without finding water, but very soon we found, a little out of the path, some filled-up or otherwise purposely hidden wells. For the Tuaregs, who serve as guides to caravans, always choose the most difficult and desolate routes, in order to keep the caravans in a state of dependency. Caravans will become more frequent, travelers will succeed each other, but the secret of the Sahara is well kept, and its reputation of barrenness is still preserved. For example, Oscar Lenz crossed the Sahara and reached Timbuctoo without seeing anything but desert land, and yet he mentions that behind a chain of hills which he passed there was a place called by the natives 'The Head of the Waters.' Dr. Borth, who was for months in Tuareg camps, and was the guest and friend of the Sheikh El Bakey, was told innumerable facts about the traditions and manners of the land, but its geography was hidden from him. When Lieutenant Hourst and Lieutenant Bluyet explored the region and an arm of the Niger, they found a lake nearly one hundred miles long. And when the officers of the Timbuctoo extended their excursions, they found that not only one but more than twenty lakes existed, all very large and stretching far to the north into the very heart of the supposed arid Sahara. If there be no water, and therefore no vegetation, where does the charcoal come from which is sold by the Tuaregs? where do they find nourishment for the numerous camels, horses, sheep, asses, and goats they possess?"

A New Y. M. C. A. Building

Exercises preliminary to the breaking of ground for the new building of the East Eighty-sixth Street Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association of New York City were held on Saturday, the 26th inst., on the site, 158, 160, and 162 East Eighty-seventh Street. Addresses were made by R. R. McBurney, Cephas Brainerd, and Frank R. Crumbie, Chairman of the Branch, who presided. There was a display of American flags, and patriotic and Association hymns were sung. It will be the largest Association building for boys in the United States. It will contain a gymnasium, shower-baths, bowling-alleys, locker, reception, reading, and assembly rooms, and rooms for evening educational classes.

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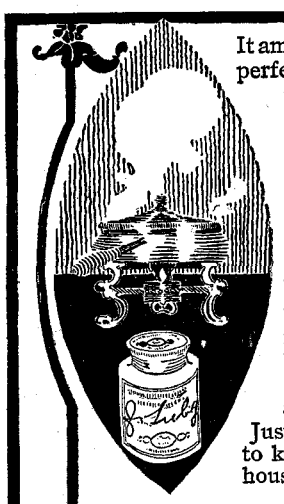

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WM. C. WILE, A.M., M.D., LL.D., *of Danbury, Conn.*, reports the following (*New England Medical Monthly*, December 15, 1888): "In a recent outbreak of NEPHRITIC COLIC in our own person, the attack, under the **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** was speedily cut short, the stones quickly passed, and the débris which followed showed a thorough cleansing of the kidneys and bladder of all foreign substances. All of the reflex symptoms and sequelæ were promptly relieved, and we feel under a deep debt of gratitude to this most excellent Water for wonderful relief." *Sold by Druggists. Pamphlet free.* **Proprietor, Buffalo Lithia Springs, Va**

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The Business World

The Week There seems to be a general agreement that commercial and industrial prospects have grown decidedly brighter within the week. The importation of gold continues, notwithstanding the fact that the Bank of England has again raised its rate of discount; altogether about $43,000,000 in gold either has reached this country or has been engaged; and the Treasury gold reserve is over $125,000,000. This large addition to the available money of the country has produced its natural results in making the money market easier and in facilitating loans; in improving the tone of the stock market; in raising prices of commodities, and in increasing the volume of general business. The statement of the New York banks for the week shows an increase of nearly three and a half millions in legal tenders, of nearly $900,000 in specie, and of $2,392,600 in deposits. Commercial paper is taken at about seven per cent., and while the decrease in the rate is not great, the amount of business done has been very large. The most exciting speculative movement of the week has been in wheat, which rose about six cents per bushel, then dropped slightly and again rose. The exports continue to be very large. "Bradstreet's" gives the total exports of wheat and flour as 3,818,646 bushels as against 3,566,000 bushels the preceding week, and 3,151,000 bushels for the same week last year. Small crops in Argentine and Russia are increasing the export demand here. Railway stocks showed a general gain of from two to three per cent., and in some cases more. Burlington, St. Paul, Manhattan, Reading, Louisville and Nashville were among the most active stocks. On Monday of this week a reaction took place, in part due to reports of decreased railway earnings in August. The demand for cotton for export continues to be large, although the prospect of a short crop has naturally raised prices. An improved demand for wool is also noticed, and prices tend upward. Many iron-mills and furnaces have again started up, but prices for iron and steel have not yet advanced. The number of business failures continues to be large; of course it could not be expected that improvement in this respect would immediately follow a relaxation of general stringency, as most failures are the results of long trouble; "Bradstreet's" records 321 failures for the week, as compared with 315 the previous week and 198 the same week a year ago. An interesting event in the commercial world was the announcement of the purchase by Mr. John Wanamaker, of Philadelphia, of the lease and stock of Hilton, Hughes & Co., of New York. Mr. Wanamaker will occupy the great New York store as a branch of his business.

The Bicycle Trade in England Some interesting figures are published in regard to the development of the cycle trade in England. The statistics are not complete, but are sufficient to give a general idea of the extent of the business. The returns of the various railway companies and of the tire-manufacturing companies indicate a present rate of production of about 750,000 cycles per annum, which may be valued roughly at £11,000,000 or £12,000,000. The exports of cycles last year amounted to £1,393,810, against £1,200,913 in the previous year; and the increase this year is still larger. Up to the end of 1895, according to the "Cyclist's Year-Book," the returns of the limited companies represented a capital nearly approaching £6,000,000. Since then there have been a number of developments. The list of new companies shows that during the first half-year no fewer than twenty-nine limited companies, either for the making of cycles or for the manufacture of accessories, were formed. The total capital issued by these companies reaches the sum of £10,327,000. Two or three concerns—one with a capital of £600,000—do not appear in the list; and it is safe to say that the amount of capital represented by the new limited cycle companies exceeds £11,000,000, which, added to the £6,000,000 before mentioned, makes a grand total of £17,000,000. To this large sum must be added the large investment of capital in many private concerns in different parts of the country.

Indian Territory The present condition of the Indian reservation in the United States is described by the British Vice-Consul at Kansas City in his report for the past year. "It consists of one of the finest areas in the West, and contains 31,400 square miles, of which 20,000 square miles have rich coal deposits. Large quantities of coal from here are now being imported to Kansas. In 1890 the population was 66,289, mostly Indians of the so-called five civilized tribes—Chickasaws, Cherokees, Creeks, Choctaws, and Seminoles. Each of these 'nations,' as they are called, has a Governor, who controls the affairs of the tribe. There are not many whites in the Indian Territory, on account of its lawlessness; there is more crime there than in any other State or Territory in the Union. Between March 5 and October 25 last year 186 murders there were reported, and no doubt many were committed and not reported. The whites there are not of a good class; many of them are renegades and outlaws who marry into Indian families, and their children do not make good citizens. The area is, strictly speaking, a cattle-producing one, and it sends considerable numbers of live stock to Kansas. Cotton-growing is in its infancy there, the quantity sent to Kansas last year amounting to 17,807 bales of 500 pounds each. Six railways run through the Territory, and have 911 miles of line in it, while charters for about 400 miles more have been granted."

Hazardous Employment A general impression prevails, says the "Colliery Engineer," that mining is the most hazardous of all occupations, but an examination of statistics relating to the matter in the United States shows that railroading is in reality three times as dangerous as coal-mining. The number of people employed by railroads in the United States in 1895, according to the report of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, was 785,034, including officials, clerks, and telegraph operators. Of this number 1,811 were killed and 25,696 injured during the year. It therefore follows that one employee was killed for each 433 employed, and one employee injured for every thirty-one employed. If only the men actually employed on the trains be considered, known as the train hands, including engineers, conductors, brakemen, and others, which are comparable with the actual miner, one employee was killed for each 155 in the service, and one injured for each eleven in the service. For purposes of comparison the Pennsylvania anthracite regions may be taken, as they are admittedly the most dangerous mining districts in the world. The mine inspectors' statistics of Pennsylvania for 1895 report 143,610 employees. The fatalities numbered 422, and the number injured 1,120. These figures show that there was one person killed for every 340 employed, and one injured for every 128 employed. In the bituminous field of this State there were 84,904 persons employed. The fatalities number 155 and the injured 419, or one person killed for each 548 employees, and one injured for each 203 employees. Combining these figures, it will be seen that one miner lost his life for each 410 employed, and one person was injured for each 148. These ratios, as before stated, show that railroading is almost three times as dangerous as coal-mining.

Korea's Railroad The first railroad in Korea is to be built at once. It is to run from Seoul, the capital, to its seaport, Chemulpo, a distance of about twenty-five miles. The concession under which the railroad is to be built and operated was granted to an American citizen, James R. Morse, and the road will be constructed with American capital and under the supervision of American engineers. This is the first Korean concession to a foreigner. The route has been surveyed. Under the terms of the concession the construction of the railroad must be begun before March 29 next, and the road must be completed within two years from that time, unless prevented by the existence in the country of a state of war or other unavoidable disturbance. A stock company will be organized to build the road. The requisite sum was estimated by the Japanese engineers at $1,500,000 in gold. In its concession the Korean Government grants a lease of such land as may be needed for road-bed, stations, warehouses, switches, etc., the compensation being free transportation of mails, troops, and munitions of war. It is provided that there shall be at least four stations between Seoul and Chemulpo. The rails and rolling stock for the new road will be shipped from this country. The engines, coaches, and freight cars will all be of modern build. After the road shall have been in operation fifteen years the Korean Government may purchase it at an appraised valuation.

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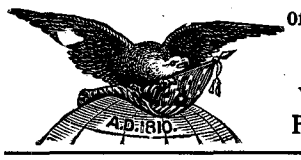

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Bits of Fun

Wherever You May Be.—"Are there many of the four hundred here?" "Oh, yes; thousands of them."—*Truth.*

Miss Bluestock—I tell you, man is but an earth-born worm. Julie—You couldn't have been very lively as an early bird, my dear!—*Truth.*

"How did the critics treat Jingoll's music?" "Um. Well, the kindest thing they said about it was that it was not original."—*Washington Star.*

"Uncle Simon, what's the difference between a statesman and a politician?" "The politician pulls the wagon, and the statesman gets the ride."—*Chicago Record.*

Excited Traveler—Get me to the station in three minutes, and I'll give you five dollars. Driver—Can't do it, sir; ye might bribe me, but ye can't corrupt me horse.—*Exchange.*

"Do you know," said the man who was going to have a tooth pulled, "I don't think 'dental parlor' is a good phrase." "No?" "Drawing-room would be much better."—*Woman's Journal.*

Private—May I have a furlough for a day? We slaughter our hogs to-morrow. Sergeant—All right. If you want to stay a day or two longer, just send me word—but wrap it up carefully.—*Fliegende Blätter.*

They were three days out, and he wasn't feeling very well. "As to the cradle of the deep," he said, sadly. "Yes?" "Well, nothing much, except that I wish it wasn't an automatic rocker."—*Chicago Post.*

"Eternal vigilance," shouted the orator, "is the price of liberty!" The women electors exchanged glances. "That is the same price as last year," they remarked, and shrugged their shoulders.—*Detroit Tribune.*

Dukane—The English anarchists are now demanding the abolition of orders and decorations conferred by royalty. Gaswell—I suppose their bitterest opposition is to the Order of the Bath.—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

Their True Standing.—Grace—I feel so sorry for the poor conductors. It must be terrible for them to be on their feet all day. Cora—Oh, but they're not. The horrid things are on the passengers' feet most of the time.—*World.*

The Charitable Institutions.—"And you, my friend," shouted the street-corner orator, "are you a supporter of our American institutions?" "Me?" answered Weary Watkins. "Lord bless you, mister, no! The institutions support me."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

London "Truth" declares that two American delegates to the Irish Convention in Dublin perpetrated the following excellent specimens of the Irish bull: "Until last week I had never set foot in the land of my birth;" "I left Ireland fifty-three years ago, a naked little boy, without a dollar in my pocket."

The Hireling's Position—"How are the farmers hereabouts—on the fence?" asked the man who was gathering political statistics. "It ain't so much the farmers that is on the fence as the hired hands, goldarn 'em," answered Mr. Haicede, with vigor. "If they is one thing a hired man loves more'n to eat two dinners in the time allowed fer one, it is to set hisself on the fence."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

The "gentleman farmer," so called, has to put up with many jokes at his expense in print. In real life he is not often treated to speeches as amusing as one which recently came to our ears. Before leaving his place for a winter visit to gayer scenes, the "farmer" of the anecdote called his Hibernian head man, and said: "Flynn, I have to be away for a fortnight. I hope everything will run smoothly on the farm." "Oh," said Flynn, heartily, "ye don't do a bit o' harm, sir, when you're here!"—*Youth's Companion.*

An English canon of note used to tell a good story of himself. In his capacity of magistrate he was once visiting the county jail, and expatiated to a friend who was with him on the virtues of the treadmill. Warming with the theme, he declared that he often wished he had one at home to give him the gentle exercise he required, but was too lazy to take, except under compulsion; and, to remove his friend's skepticism, he asked the warder to give him a turn. Round went the wheel, the canon declaring that the movement was delightful; but after two minutes of it he had had quite enough, and called upon the officer to stop the mill. To his horror the officer answered: "Very sorry, sir; I can't. It's timed to go fifteen minutes, and won't stop before."—*Tit-Bits.*

The Next Dash at the North Pole

A steamer will leave England next summer to bring home the Jackson-Harmsworth Arctic expedition, which is now spending its third winter in Franz Josef Land. All who are interested in Arctic endeavor will await with much interest the result of Jackson's efforts next spring and summer; for he intends, if fortune favors him, to surpass Nansen's furthest north, and to recover for England the record she lost when Greely's party, in 1882, wrested from Markham the laurels of the nearest approach to the North Pole.

Jackson has done notable things in Franz Josef Land. He has proved that the hurried explorations of Weyprecht and Payer in 1873–74 gave us most erroneous notions of that region. His journeys have swept away the great bodies of terra firma which figure on Payer's map as Zichy Land and Wilczek Land. Payer gave us the idea that Franz Josef Land was at least as large as Spitzbergen. But Jackson has found his Queen Victoria Sea where Payer placed land. He has substituted for Payer's large land masses a considerable number of small islands and a large sea. He believes he has traced the archipelago to its most northwestern point, and that his work, with that of Nansen, has fixed its northern and northeastern limits. The climate and ice movements also seem to prove that there is no large northern extension of land, and the drift of the Fram confirms this belief. Franz Josef Land, after all, is nothing but a comparatively small archipelago.

Jackson expects this fall to complete his mapping of these islands, and next spring he will set out on the ice or the waters of Victoria Sea, where Payer placed Zichy Land, and tempt any fate that fortune may have for him in the far north. "I look upon Queen Victoria Sea," he wrote, "as my most favorable route northward next year. When the sun returns next spring, the mapping of Franz Josef Land will be practically complete, and nothing should prevent my attempting the open water or the crust of ice of this sea." Mr. Harmsworth, who is footing the entire bill for the costly enterprise, says that this opportunity of reaching the highest latitude ever attained will not be allowed to pass, and that Jackson will strain every nerve to beat Nansen's record.

There are some things in Jackson's favor. There is no doubt of his fitness for Arctic leadership, or of the excellent quality of his men. He also received, last summer, an entirely fresh equipment of sledges, reindeer, portable boats, tents, and food of all kinds sufficient for several years. His right-hand man, Lieutenant Armitage, his physician, Dr. Kettlits, and Mr. Hayward remain with him, though their agreement was that they should return home at the end of the second year. It is an advantage, too, that he knows just what Nansen has done, and what he must do to surpass the record; and he will do some big things if his hopes are fulfilled.

While his equipment for a boat and sledge journey is probably better than that of Nansen, it must be borne in mind that he will have to travel from his camp, due north, about two hundred and forty geographical miles before he attains the latitude at which Nansen left the Fram and started north on his sledge journey; and he must advance about three hundred and seventy-five geographical miles due north before he can get nearer the North Pole than Nansen has attained. Whether Jackson can accomplish this great feat in small boats on an Arctic sea, or by sledging over the roughest of ice that may be drifting south, remains to be seen. At any rate, he will deserve success. He has the field to himself, and if he has good luck he may make an unequaled record.—*New York Sun.*

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Historical Prophecies that Failed

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1. Aristotle said that slavery would last forever, or would cease only when the shuttle would weave of its own accord. A double mistake, this; for slavery is all but abolished, and, thanks to invention, the shuttle may be said to work of its own accord.

2. "Before fifty years are over all Europe will be republican or Cossack," prophesied the exile of St. Helena in the first decade of this century. We are nearing now its fag end, but "old Yurrup" is less republican than ever, and is still some way from universal Cossackery.

3. "Italy is but a geographical expression, and will never be anything else," opined Prince Metternich, and just before his death he saw what he considered Utopia on the point of becoming a reality.

4. "The railways will never be of any use for the transport of goods," sang out M. Thiers, leading a chorus of sententious economists.

5. "There is no morrow for universal suffrage," exclaimed M. Guizot, on the eve of the very revolution which sent him into exile and promulgated universal suffrage as sovereign law.

6. "Never," was M. Rouher's answer to those asking after Mentana when Rome would become the capital of Italy. A very short time after the trick was done.

7. "The United States of Europe," was the prophecy of all ardent democrats, from Victor Hugo to Carlo Cattaneo, and its fulfillment was to take place immediately after the downfall of the Napoleonic empire. It is twenty-five years now since that eventful moment, but the States of Europe are, if anything, more disunited and more aggressive than ever.

Perhaps the ancients, who knew a thing or two, were right in saying that the future is on the lap of gods.—*St. James's Gazette.*

Died

REID.—Maria Louise Fuller, widow of the Rev. Dr. Lewis H. Reid, of Hartford, Conn., at the residence of her sister, Mrs. J. F. Roe, Honesdale, Pa., on Monday, September 21, 1896, in the 66th year of her age.
Funeral services were held at Salisbury, Conn.

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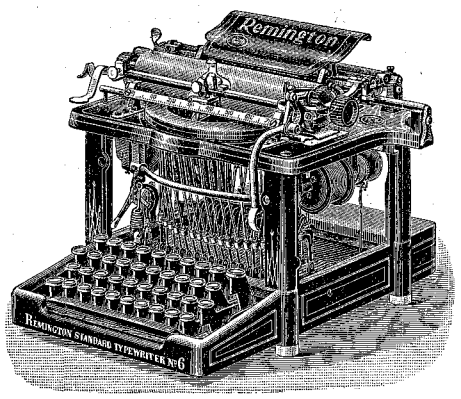

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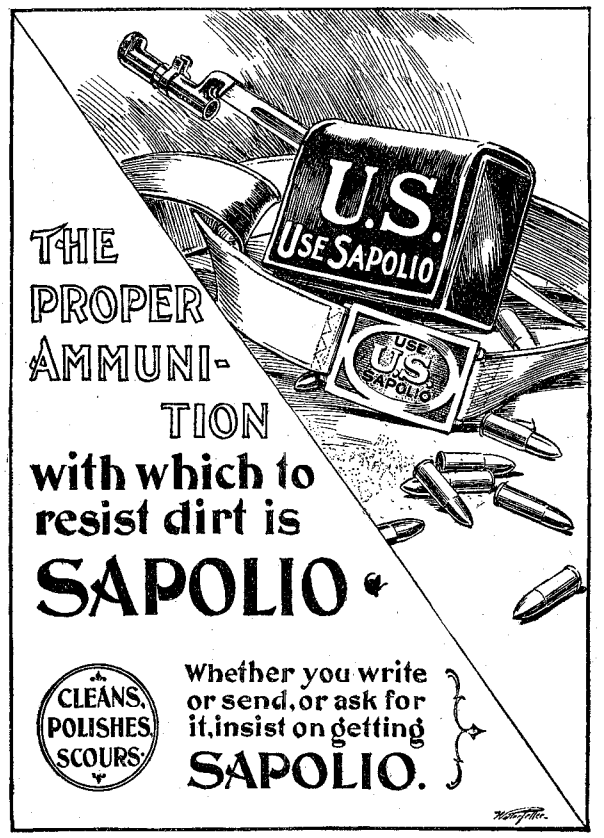

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